

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Whoever receives this paper and is not a subscriber, may be assured that some kind friend who is desirous that he may become a patron, has taken the pains to furnish us with his address, with a request that we should mail him a copy, which we cheerfully do, hoping it will be the pleasure of the receiver to become a subscriber. Those who have suffered their subscription to expire, may consider the receipt of this paper a solicitation for the continuance of their patronage, and their pecuniary support of our endeavors.

Our contemporaries of the Press who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special themes to which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send this paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice or extract, marked.

This paper is hospitable to every earnest thought, respectfully expressed, but is responsible for none except those of its editor.

The best remittance from foreign countries is American bills, if they can be obtained; the second is gold, inclosed in letters. Our friends abroad can have this paper as regular as those around us, by giving full address and prompt remittances, and we respectfully solicit their patronage. Small sums may be remitted in postage stamps.

SERMONS

BY
REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER,
AND
EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D. D.,

ARE PUBLISHED VERBATIM IN THIS PAPER, EVERY TUESDAY AFTER THEIR DELIVERY.

Spirit and Clairvoyant Mediums in New York.

Mrs. E. J. FRENCH, 8 Fourth-avenue, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician for the treatment of diseases. Hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Electro-Medicated baths given.

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Mrs. BRADLEY, Healing Medium, 109 Greene-street.

Miss KATY FOX, Rapping Medium

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Dr. JOHN SCOTT, Healing Medium, No. 36 Bond-street, may be seen at all hours of the day and evening.

Mrs. F. J. MALONE, Trance, Speaking, Writing and Personating Medium, may be seen at 167 9th Avenue. Circles Wednesday evenings, and will attend private circles when desired.

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Where the "Telegraph" may be had.

Our friends in the lower part of the city, who purchase weekly single copies of the TELEGRAPH, and who may find it inconvenient to call at our office, can purchase the paper of Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau-street; Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau-street; or Hendrickson, Blake & Long, 23 Ann-street; and at Munson's, No. 5 Great Jones-street.

SPIRITUAL TRUTHS

IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

THAT THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM HAVE BEEN MANIFESTED TO MANKIND IN ALL AGES—THE REASONS WHICH CAUSED THEM TO BE CONTESTED AT THE PRESENT DAY, AND THE POSITION OF ACTUAL SCIENCE IN REGARD TO THEM.

We are indebted to Mons. Z. Pierart, editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, Paris, for the following translation of an article of his, originally published in his journal—and for which he will please accept our thanks. Mons. P., in forwarding this translation, accompanies it with the following polite note, which, as it is brief, we print in his own language:

MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR DU SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Monsieur—Je prends la confiance de vous adresser la traduction ci jointe, de l'un des principaux articles de ma *Revue*. Cette traduction a été faite par une dame Anglaise, écrivaine distinguée par son style. J'espère qu'en la reproduisant dans votre journal, vous intéresserez vivement vos lecteurs. Ils seront curieux de lire ce coup d'œil général sur le Spiritualisme dans l'histoire, avec les conclusions qui le terminent.

Pour moi, vous m'obligez beaucoup. Comme vous avez pu le voir par ma *Revue*, je ne manque jamais l'occasion de faire connaître l'intéressant et sérieux journal que vous rédigez. J'applaudis vos efforts, et vois avec intérêt que la cause spiritualiste compte beaucoup plus de partisans dans le nouveau monde que dans l'ancien.

Agréez, cher Monsieur et confrère, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

Z. PIERART.

Directeur de la *Revue Spiritualiste*, Paris, 30 Juillet, 1859.

"There is an immense, unceasing and divine current of life, which flowing through creation, penetrates all beings, and pursues incessantly the work of uniting and dilating them. From the very grain of dust borne on the slightest breath, upward to the angel who influences worlds, all live by this regenerating sap—are nourished by, while they transform it into themselves, in like manner as each portion of a plant impresses its own particular form upon the sap which is equally distributed throughout all its members. And as this creative current proceeds from God, is in fact God communicating himself to his creatures, he is thus as the link which binds them to him—a link by its very nature invariably the same, and which diversifying itself nevertheless according to the diversity of beings, becomes love and intelligence in those who are capable of understanding and loving.

In the language of men, this is called religion, and religion is in fact but the fruitful, eternal and divine sap of the universe; it is God himself sustaining, animating, developing his innumerable creatures, according to their respective laws blended harmoniously with his own laws, from which they emanate as their Source."

The above profession of faith, which we extract from the works of Lamennais, may serve also as ours. Like him, we believe in a God manifesting and communicating himself to all, and through all, more or less according to the aspirations and merits of each; vivifying and transforming the world in accordance with the laws of divine harmony, and elevating each thing in the scale of progress proportionately to the infinite wants of the creation. Like him, we believe in the Angel who gives the impetus to worlds, in spiritual existences anterior to matter, and destined to survive it, having ascendancy over it, and able to animate it by the impression of their will, living emanations of the universal Spirit of Life.

More than this, we believe in the successive incarnations of these spiritual beings, in their manifestations, and in the reve-

lations of which they can become the mediums. We believe also, that under certain abnormal conditions of his being, man can enter into relation with them, and then present the example of an extraordinary prescience; and above all, that in the exercise of a firm will and ardent faith, in proportion to his moral and physical perfections will be his capacity of entering into harmonious and intimate connection with the divine essence, assimilating himself more particularly to it, and by this means acquiring the faculty of overruling the very laws of destiny, of even interrupting them, and thereby rendering the rest of humanity sharers with him in the all-salutary influences which he has thus acquired to himself.

It is equally our conviction, that at different epochs have appeared upon our globe predestined men, who drew to themselves beyond all others these divine attributes, divining the religious and moral wants of their time, and aided by a profound confidence in their own mission as united to the designs of Providence, were able to interrupt the course of events, to check their tendency, and to impel humanity into fresh and as yet untried channels. Such men have become exceptional revelators of divine truths among permanent and ordinary ones; Messiahs and Thaumaturgists; supreme above the common oracles, prophets, and habitual magnetizers of mankind. All history teems with these facts! However far back we may search in the annals of humanity, whether it be in the sacred pages of the East, in the traditions of primitive nations, or in the archives of more particularly historic times—in all shall we find proof of the veracity of this assertion.

It is not true, as certain philosophers are pleased to affirm, that it is by the aid alone of his sensations, reasoning faculties and by contact with exterior objects, that man rises progressively from his first rude state of nature to the perfection of his being. If he did not, like Minerva, spring all armed, complete, free and intelligent from his Creator's brain, he on the other hand never of himself designed the principles of language, religion or laws. He could only have attained to them by the aid of successive inspirations, or revelations emanating directly from a divine Source, and transmitted to him while under those psychological conditions which are now recognized as the finest attributes of his nature. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the fall of man, and his re-habilitation, are myths, which sufficiently show forth the various stages of decadence and resurrection through which, during the first ages of the world, he must have passed. From the earliest periods we can trace among the Borean and Sythian people, the worship of their departed ancestors, consequent, it would appear, on remarkable mediatorial manifestation among them; the institution also of the Voluspa, or sacred college of Sceereses and Sibyls, which was perpetuated through Druidism and introduced among its adherents a particular veneration for women. Later, a revelator, the divine Ram or Rama, the Io,

the Lama, the Djemchid, the Pa of the Chinese and Japanese, and first Persians, possessed to a high degree of the virtues and divine faculties of the Celtic Voluspa,* descends with his

* We make it an act of duty here to cite an author too long unknown: a learned linguist, an eminent Orientalist, who by dint of persevering labors has succeeded in throwing a new light upon the earliest ages of humanity, and in showing the series of revelations which served to transform the world at different epochs. We allude to Fabre D'Olivet, author of the "Hebrew Language Restored," and of the "Philosophic History of the Human Race." In this last work—a sort of philosophy of history, written from a Spiritualist point of view—the author, who lived at a period of utter skepticism and complete materialism, and who certainly could never have beheld any of the new phenomena, yet guided as it would appear by a particular intuition, rises to the most elevated considerations. His work cannot fail, at a period fast approaching, to offer the deepest interest appropos.

countrymen into the fertile plains of Asia, and aided by the supernatural lights which speak in him, is enabled to drive back the race of blacks † and found a powerful empire, the first

† It is proved by human fossil remains discovered in many places, and particularly on the borders of the river Meuse and in the grottoes of the Vesdre, that in distant ages the race of blacks peopled the greater part of Europe. (See on this subject, Moke's "History of the Belgians," and Schmerling's "Researches on Human Fossils found in the Province of Liege," v. 1 and 11.)

Theocracy of the world. After him came the first Persian magicians, the *Bischis* or contemplative seers of Brahminism—the different incarnations of Vischnou, among whom figure that of the great revealer, Krischnou, to whom we owe the first exposition of a divine triad, from which sprang the Trinities of the greater number of Cosmogonies. Vischnou gives place to Zoroaster, who explains the manifestations of good and evil Spirits by the idea of two distinct principles, Ormuzd and Arhiman. This doctrine spreads itself to the Chaldeans, where it gives birth to judicial astrology—to the Egyptians, where it produces the myths of Osiris and Typhon—to the Hebrews, finally, where it gives rise to Elohim, good and bad angels, and the dogma of the tempter, Sathan, one day destined to re-appear in the religions of the West.

At the same period, when in Egypt Moses found magi wrestling against him for dominion, and producing strange prodigies, sprang also into being the Theurgy; then in China appeared Foe, laying bare the mystery of successive existences, showing the object of life, and thus exalting the passions of his adepts, as also their animic imaginations.

At the other extremity of the globe the divine Orpheus taught doctrines no less consoling, impregnated with Spiritualism, destined later to inspire Hesiod and Homer, bring into existence the ever-celebrated oracles of Dodona and Delphos, and awake the genius of Pythagoras and Plato. While, during a series of centuries, these oracles were the objects of the most sacred credence of the people, the prophetic spirit had been increasing among the Hebrews, and already had appeared Seeresses, Pythonesses, and wonders had been produced. It awoke also among the Latins, where Numa, the favorite of the Nymph Aegeria, instituted a college of Vestals and Augures. Among the number of his successors figures an heir of the Etruscan Lucumnes, Tarquin the Ancient, who flourished during the period of the Sybils' glory, and whose wife, Tanaquil, became so famous in the art of divination. From this time we find the worship of ancestral manes, the Lares or household gods, and the belief in Lemures, established among the Romans. At the same period appeared, among the contemplative races who dwelt on the banks of the Indus and Ganges, the divine Cakia-Mouni, the last of the Bouddha, the ninth incarnation of Vischnou. Confirming and extending all the most spiritual and elevated portions of the doctrines of Brahma, attacking its injustices, its system of castes, and upholding the truth of his mission by miracles and prophecies, this famous innovator established a worship in which, for the first time, preaching was inculcated as a propaganda, and confession as an outward and practical means of expiation. In this religion, wherein moral perfection was made to consist in the observance of virtues unfolded by the founder himself, are to be found the most elevated notions relative to the pre-existence of souls, and their transmigrations through the universe. Considering the earth as a place of trial, in which souls were to disengage themselves from the impure elements attached to them, Cakia-Mouni placed above them regions wherein dwelt life and intelligence under an immaterial form. He beheld only in God the notion of a supreme destiny, but he attributed to man—having attained to perfection—an almost divine power over matter.

Some centuries later than him, at a period celebrated in the

history of possessions and exorcisms, appeared in Egypt, and on the Mountains of Libanus, the Therapeutes, and the Essenes, followers of the ancient Theurgic and magic doctrines of the East. They were the precursors of Jesus, of Simon the magician, and Appolonius of Tyana, the most celebrated of Thaumaturgists and necromancers, who, according to the account of several grave historians of his time, was seen to raise the dead, and whom it was wished to make into a god in the midst of Roman civilization, and during one of the most skeptical centuries of history. The Gnostic and Alexandrian schools appear next, resuming all that had appeared of spirituality in antiquity, and teaching by the powerful voices of the Cerinthe, the Saturnine, the Bartisdne, the Valentins, the Celse, the Plotia, the Jamblique, the Porphyre, and the Proclus.*

Still later, by some centuries, not far from the spots celebrated by so many illustrious philosophers, arose Mahomet, a man gifted with powerful animic faculties, with an extraordinary intensity of will, and who drew after him whole populations by the sole ascendancy of his soul and its divine fire. While the New Platonists, the fathers of the Alexandrian school, were treating with brilliancy the highest questions of Spiritualism, and giving to Christianity the dogmatic forms with which it has come down to our day, in the North, in the cold regions whence had issued, after the divine Ham, the first great migrations of the white race, had started up a new revealer, Odin, the inspired theocrat, personifying in himself the faculties of the ancient Voluspa marking for the Sythians the path which Providence seemed to have opened for them, and devoting himself to voluntary death to strengthen by example his teachings as to the power of faith. Later, when Druidism and the Scandanavian religion gave way before the breath of Christianity, the belief in elves, fairies, corrigans, aubins, goblins, gnomes, brownies, sithichs, cluricaunes, trolls, akkas, ogres, touths, stratti, etc. lingered still among the popular traditions, like a trace of these ancient faiths, and an evidence of the constancy and universality of spiritual manifestations.

The Christian seeresses and Thaumaturgists next occupied the world's attention, and we see St. Martin, St. Clair, St. Gregory the Thaumaturgist, St. Germain, St. Genevieve, St. Medard, St. Ursmer, St. Hildegard, St. Bernard, St. Bridget, St. Mechthilde, St. Gertrude, St. Elizabeth of Schouan, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Agnes of Bohemia, St. Dominic, and a crowd of others, giving fresh proofs of the spiritualistic force and of the divine essence operating through their agency. Amid the moral chaos and materialism of the middle ages, when striking examples were required to prove to the coarse minds of that time the intervention of a spiritual world amid the acts of our material life, as well as the partly supernatural nature of our being, God raised up Savanarola, Cardan, Jeanne D'Arc, Saint Theresa, etc., and gave to view all those wonderful cases of possession which, examined and testified to by a crowd of witnesses, suffice alone to outweigh all the negations of skepticism. Men and facts, analogous to these, reappear at the dawn, and in the heart of a period in which we see everywhere reigning doubt, atheism, and materialism, and the tremblers of Cevennes, the convulsionists of St. Medard, Cagliostro, Jacob Boehm, St. Martin, Swedenborg, appear to give a formal denial to the doctrines of sensualism and mockery. Similar things and men reappeared, in fact, close to our own day, when man, vain of the great things he had produced by his triumph over natural science, by the spirit of analysis and observation, and the employment of physical forces, ended by forgetting that beyond these sciences and forces, there are another science, and other forces, still more powerful and far more consoling.

It was thus that Mesmer, Puysegur, and so many others, recovered the secrets of magnetism, (animal,) and formed them into regular doctrines; it is thus that a crowd of somnambulists, estatics, and modern Sibyls, at the head of whom we must count Maria de Merl, and the seeress of Prevorst, come forward and confounded the pretended lights of science; it is thus, also, that Spiritualism has invaded almost at the same hour all quarters of the earth, and by the organs of

* This part of the translation is evidently a little wrong, but, not having the original at hand, we can not correct it. We suppose the author refers to the followers of Cerinthus, Saturnus, Basalides, Valentinus, Celsus, Plotinus, Jamblicus, Porphyry, and Proclus, who were teachers of the Gnostic and New Platonic schools. Ed.

Home, Willis, Davis, and an infinity of other mediums, announces to humanity the approach of a new era, when it will be more than ever well to have an awakened and attentive conscience.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THOUGHTS FOR WOMEN.

BY WM. J. YOUNG.

Oh, woman, woman! would thy mind,
As thy affections leal and warm,
Wert cultured to exalt mankind,
Or had instinctive lights that charm;
Those lights, from whose inherent power
Springs forth, spontaneous to the tongue,
Bright patriotic truths, that tower
High o'er all that bards e'er sung.
Truths, truths, whose mild benignant ray
Invests with glory boyhood's aim,
Lights up his soul, and gilds for aye
His love of country, home and fame!
If such thy passion—such thy power
Of impulse born or culture fired,
To live and burn through love's long hour,
Till childhood, all its flames respired—
Then might our country boast of sons
Ennobled by the breasts they nursed,
And twice ten thousand WASHINGTONS
Be through our glorious land dispersed!
Our every valley, hill and plain,
Each yeoman group, each city thrall,
Be consecrate to freedom's reign,
And mental beauty hallow all!
Nor longer folly, stark or proud,
How'er luxurious or arrayed,
Meet the weak homage of the crowd,
In ignorance sunk, by show betrayed!
But no; alas! the slave of sense
And fickle fashion's devotee,
Thy noblest aspirations fence,
With folly's gyves the brave and free.
The tinsel and the gaud are thine,
Instincts of passion cloud thy soul,
Thou worship'st at no nobler shrine,
Than custom's varying tides uproll.
And lo! the heirs of freedom's soil,
Impulsive to the founts they've nursed,
Through life's scarce varying round of toil,
Are with inherent weakness cursed!
And though to virtue oft impressed,
By a kind mother's voice and prayer,
How little are their young hearts blessed.
With love of freedom graven there!
How little of that breathing fire,
That gives new being to our kind,
Do our loved country's sons inspire.
Born of a mother's soul and mind!
How little, alas! that woman's soul,
Hath culture, taste, nor light inborn,
Her offspring's future to control,
Our race and country to adorn.
Alas! alas! yet vain's the hope,
The aspiration's weak as warm;
No prospects on the future ope
To soothe the patriot soul's alarm.
And but from sad experience taught,
Or by the clanking of his chains—
Shall man e'er learn that life is fraught
With all but passion's joys and pains.
Oh, God! that such should be the all
Of man's proud boast and vaunted claim!
His every act and hope should fall
Short of some golden mean and aim;
Short of those burning thoughts that fire
The ardent spirits of the young.
When their loved country's themes inspire
The accents of their mother tongue.

* * * * *

Yet woman, woman! thou alone
Can time's vast future gild and bless;
Create for man a loftier zone,
Irradiate with happiness.
Then break thy idols—dash to earth
Thy cups of vanity and pride;
Give to our race afresh the birth
Of moral greatness, far and wide!
Come forth in beauty! rule and reign
The spirit of a new-born hour;
The past's bright paradise regain
In all its glory, grace and power;
Drink of its fountains, breathe its beams,
Its sweet, contagious joys renew,
Nor let the bard's enraptured dreams
Be all of bliss the soul may view!
For thine's the scepter—thine's the spell,
To make or mar this world of ours:
And as time's annals darkly tell,
To strew the earth with thorns or flowers.
Awake thee, then; renounce thy soul,
Illumine the world with light and love;
Be thou of life and hope the goal,
Bright ministrants of truth and Jove!
Enhance the good, repress the base,
And brightness shed where weakness set,
The tinsel and the gaud displace,
And virtue's loveliest ways beget.

Warm, warm to being childhood's thoughts,
And mold to greatness boyhood's zeal;
Tame not, but fashion passions fraught
With earth's best hopes and choicest weal.
Aye, breathe into thy offspring's heart
Those soul-imbuing thoughts that burn
To light the soul, as cultured art
Embellishes each art in turn.
Thus shalt thou minister to earth,
Thy mission! thus replenish life!
From truth's exhaustless founts bring forth
New gems of thought with glory rife.
Thus equalize in joy to man
The elements of truth and right.
Make justice weigh, and reason scan
With equal hand the laws of light.
'This is thy mission! this thine hour!
Come forth, then, in thy scepter'd charms;
Be unto life—the spell—the power
That time of social ills disarms.
So shall the dying patriot bless
The opening future! worship thee!
And in impassioned faith caress—
Clasp earth's last hope of liberty.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

SIXTY-THIRD SESSION.

QUESTION: Spirit control, its uses and abuses; the difference (if any) between "trance," "fascination," "possession," etc., and the means of relief or defense against injury therefrom.

Dr. ORTON: These various phases of human experience are to be considered as a single fact, whose proximate cause is the influence of mind over mind—the action of one mind upon another. What he understands by "spiritual control" is the trance. When the trance is but partial, it is called "Spirit-influence;" and when carried to the entire subjugation of the will, it is termed "possession." "Fascination" is illustrated by various animals, as in the "charming" of birds. It is common both to man and the inferior animals. Each individual emits a sphere infilled by his prevailing love, or state. The orator does it when he desires to win his hearers to his views. The lover does the same. The mother invests her child in this outflowing love-sphere; and, all-unconsciously it may be to both, the child reposes in it as upon a bed of down. Every other phenomenon, to which the names in our question have been applied, are but intensified symptoms of this universal fact of the action of mind upon mind through this invisible outgoing sphere, which is doing its work ever; whether unconsciously to agent or recipient, or by direct effort of will on the one part, and submission on the other.

Each and every one of these phases may be abused and turned to evil purposes, if the subject chooses to surrender the command of his own fortress, or yields it ignorantly; but not otherwise. Self-control is an inalienable power as well as right, and to part with it for any considerable length of time, or even at all, save for a clearly defined and valuable end, is an outrage at once to nature and to sound morality. Men now and then start up in this Conference, and actually boast that they are sent hither by their "Spirit-guardians," whose silliest mandate they pride themselves on obeying to the letter, as though it were the proudest boast of a man that he can not lift his own legs, unless within the "baby jumper" of spiritual guardianship. The cure of all this nonsense is, to strengthen the mind. Something may be done by remonstrating with the Spirit in control. Sometimes he may be ousted by a vigorous exorcism or command to depart; but in such cases the relief is often but temporary, so that a radical cure is only certain through strength of mind sufficient to rise above the annoyance. Let the subject put his own shoulder to the wheel, and call upon Hercules.

Dr. HALLOCK agreed with all save the dramatic portion of the above prescription. He had entire confidence in strength of mind, both as a preventive and a cure; but that is secured, not by windy gesticulation of expulsive formulas, but by studying the laws of the mediatorial state. We have no logical right to refer our weaknesses or our sufferings to the spiritual world, until we have failed to find an adequate cause in this. The growing experience of mankind converts each succeeding day into additional evidence that all human sorrow arises from neglected law. He thinks the treatment by exorcism does but spread the contagion. The doctor who resorts to it is as much diseased as his patient. Strength of Roman Catholic-latin exorcism, and strength of wind to belch it forth, is not strength of mind, but just the contrary. There is no element of strength in that method of disposing of effects. When the student has referred his problem to the devil, he has finished his education.

Mr. INNIS: As far as he has observed, it is not in the power of the inferior to influence or control injuriously the superior; that is to say, if the medium or trance-subject is any better than the devil, the devil can not injure him. If this be so, then has every medium entire immunity from evil Spirits, (supposing any such to exist,) and from evil everywhere, by simply being in a state to decide absolutely that it is evil; for, really to know that a thing is evil, is to rise above it. Any man would renounce the devil, only show him the cloven hoof.

Dr. ORTON: Plausible as that may seem, on examination it will be

found fallacious. We are not, as individuals, all strength, nor yet all weakness; but these qualities are so blended in each as to leave the best of us at times subject to attack. We are not without sad examples of men of invincible might on the plane, for example, of forensic intellect and statesmanship, who are the veriest imbeciles on the plane of women and wine. The doctrine of Dr. Hallock, that we are not to refer to the Spirit-world as a cause until we have proved the incapacity of this world to furnish one, is nonsense. Mind is mind everywhere, and on all planes, and mental phenomena result from it, irrespective of locality or condition as to external body or covering. The great realm of mind is not bisected by the grave; only, and except in imagination, and for convenience of expression. We divide the globe we live on, from North to South, by an equinoctial line, but Mrs. Partington herself would scarce dream of drying clothes upon it.

Dr. HALLOCK: Nevertheless, it is possible for us to conceive of cases in which it would be convenient, to say the least, to know that one is afflicted by his own disregard of law, rather than by the devil and his imps. As for example: Had the witch triers of the seventeenth century but known that man is fully as subject to suffering from ignorance of natural law, as he is from being possessed by the devil, words can never express the misery and sorrow that might have been avoided. The law of demonstration, though there be no express clause in the Jewish decalogue commanding its observance, is nevertheless a law of God, as we may be assured from the fact that science is; and the commandment, to keep it holy, is written not upon "tables of stone," but upon the constitution of the mind. The philosopher finds the place of safety behind his demonstration. "The fool passes on," (beyond it,) "and is punished." What is done determines the nature of the deed. Take the facts cited last week, occurring at Mr. Conklin's, and add this to it, that at the next circle which he attended, under every precaution that could be taken in the absence of light, to guard against deception, in the midst of a variety of singular manifestations of power and intelligence, a human hand was several times deliberately passed from below, up one of his legs, the hose pulled down upon the instep, and the leg rubbed from above downward, by the ends of three fingers closely joined. By request, this was done to a degree of severity, which left the parts discolored the next morning, indicating a degree of power which only awaited a malicious will to perform an unlimited amount of mischief. But in that case, as in every other yet rationally authenticated, the mischief never is done, and thence he concludes the place for the philosopher is behind his observed fact, and that there is no safety in theorizing in advance of it.

Mr. COLES: Dr. Hallock sets himself comfortably down "behind the manifestation," and this is just the difficulty with him. Were he to place himself fairly before it, and in broad daylight, he would find that his "rock of defense" was but his own shadow. The Doctor has a great deal to say about "uses," but where is the use? He has been scratched on the leg, and thumped on the head any time these six years, and yet for anything he can see, he is the same as at the beginning. So far as he is concerned, his alleged facts indicate a sad waste of raw material. This is moral evidence that they are no facts, or rather that they are false ones, and originate with mediums rather than with departed Spirits. He has witnessed none, as yet, that did not so originate, as he either knows or fully believes.

Here Mr. Coles, with his usual scientific skill, made another anatomical post mortem upon the body of delusion, (first killed and put out of the way by his own chivalrous hand,) laying bare, here a cheat, and there a gullibility, which seemed to well nigh settle it, that, like the ingenious author of the discovery of the "psychical cosmos," there is nothing either honest or real in the universe but himself—the veritable and veracious John F. Coles, being, and existing, at, or near, No. 314 Broome-street, (in the vicinity of the Bowery,) New York! This is encouraging. Simpletons, (if not shadows,) that we are, let us rejoice in the whereabouts of at least one verity with a pair of eyes in its head. But to return.

Mr. COLES said: With respect to the question, there is no such thing as breaking a law, as Dr. Hallock intimates. The law of manifestation is inviolate like every other. Each condition has its own laws. Ebriety and inebriety, when a man passes from one of these states to the other, he breaks no law, he simply comes under the control of that which belongs to the causes of the new condition. Mediums have yet to learn that they may be, and, he thinks, generally are, "controlled," "possessed," "fascinated," or whatever name is current, by an idea, or persuasion of their own minds. Sometimes the stimulus is from without, in mesmerism, alcohol, religious enthusiasm or popular fanaticism; but from whichever of these sources, the subject, true to the law of the case, invariably manifests his prevailing enthusiasm or idiosyncrasy in strict harmony with all that pertains to the condition. Once stimulated to action, if the subject is a fighter, he fights; if a spouter, he oratorizes; and if an enthusiast in the direction of Spiritualism, he sees Spirits. In one of his rural rambles, as stated years ago, he met with one of these geniuses, who had "Charles O'Mally" for his guardian Spirit. Charles O'Mally is nothing but a figment of the fancy, and yet, as we see, this man could be controlled by it; and he thinks he ought not to be read out of the

spiritual church for calling attention to these undeniable facts. Dr. Hallock seems to be in full communion, though everybody knows he denies a large share of what is currently put forth as proof of Spirit-existence beyond the grave, to be any demonstrative evidence of the claim; and he feels that a little farther extension of the mantle of charity will retain him in it, notwithstanding his denial of the whole of it.

Dr. MASSEY thought the real merits of the question of uses and abuses had not been touched. What is required is an elucidation of the beautiful and true in Spiritualism; and we need not follow the mind into its disembodied state to do that. The body is the executive of the soul, and hence the soul may be studied through the manifestation of its present body, and its nature and powers as well as ascertained as it exists to-day in its earthly tabernacle, as at any subsequent period of its history. It is of the beautiful that he desires to speak; and will, if the subject is continued.

The subject is continued. Adjourned, R. T. HALLOCK.

A SPIRIT-SONG.

CLINTON, HENRY Co., Mo., July 8, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND PARTRIDGE: The accompanying pathetic lines were given in response to the fervent gushings of a father's heart. He was sitting in a Spirit-circle, not an unbeliever, but somewhat skeptical, when his three little children, who had been in the Spirit-world several years, came and manifested themselves. The oldest says to her mother: "Now, mother, I know you can't see me, but you'll know it is me, for you always did know when I talked to you, whether you saw me or not. Now, just listen, with your heart, not ears, while I sing for you." And she sings to her mother:

Sometimes you feel a sighing wail
Of mellow sounds upon the gale;
A softening, spirit-soothing strain,
That comes, recedes, then comes again.
Now all around you hear it play;
Yet sweeter, as it dies away,
As on the waves of sweet sound roll,
You feel each chord within your soul,
As if Æolus touched his lyre
With soft wild notes of heavenly fire:
Sounding o'er the ethery lea
Strains of pure soul-melody.

Mother! 'tis the angels' singing;
Mother! 'tis their "heart notes" ringing—
Mother! 'tis your angel band,
Willing o'er the angel land.
Through the realms of light undying,
Is their "love song" ever flying.
On glistening winds and sunbeams clear,
Sweet floral chimes for mother dear;
Don't you feel each seraph note
Gently to your Spirit float?
Don't you hear our songs of bliss?
(The God of Love our teacher is.)

Hear how cheerily it flows
Across the skies! Now sweeter grows,
Like soft sighs on the balmy breeze,
That song we learned on mother's knees.
The lullaby, the carol sweet,
That erst our baby ears did greet—
That song is heard in heaven now.
That song's a crown for mother's brow.
A mystic circle—and its bands
Were wreathed for you by angel hands;
Our fingers placed each sparkling gem
Around that star-decked diadem;
Celestial rays of ethery light
Are playing round its plumage bright.
Flashing through each angel sphere
A coronal for mother dear.

Now listen while we trill for thee
Our joyous song of jubilee,
To cheer thee upward to the goal,
The resting-place for every soul.
Its notes are—Come! for we are here,
Thine absent ones—be of good cheer:
You'll see how heavenly beauty glows
Upon a darling seraph "Rose;"*
You'll hear resound through every dell
The "love chimes" of an "Angel Bell;"†
You'll find, to deck your homeward march,
A lovely cherub's spangled "Arch;"‡
And one more tiny sprite you'll see,
Now, mother, won't you know its me? ADA.

* Rose. † Bell. ‡ Archy—the children.

If you knew all the facts connected with this, you would give it a place in the TELEGRAPH. A. M. T.

INCREASE OF PUBLICATIONS.—Books and newspapers have multiplied to such an extent in the United States within the last ten or twelve years, that it now takes 750 paper mills, with two thousand engines in constant operation, to supply the publishers, whose workmen are employed both night and day. These paper-mills are said to have produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper during the last year, which immense supply sold for about \$27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 34,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year.

THOMAS L. HARRIS IN ENGLAND.

We copy the following article from the New Jerusalem Messenger, a prominent organ of Swedenborgianism, under date of August 6, 1859. It is well known that Mr. Harris was formerly a Universalist minister, and was settled over the society to which Dr. E. H. Chapin now ministers. At the time Andrew Jackson Davis was giving his great book, Mr. H. became interested in that affair, and left his society, and went out into Ohio and elsewhere as an evangel of Nature's Divine Revelations. In the summer of 1850 Mr. H. acquainted himself with modern Spiritualism, and visited the Fox girls and such other mediums as he could hear of, and began to preach the truth that Spirits communicate with mortals, his meetings being then held in Stuyvesant Institute, N. Y. He heard of a medium being developed in Auburn, N. Y., Mrs. Benedict; he went to see her, and made the acquaintance of J. L. Scott, a Baptist preacher, and some other authoritarian enthusiasts in and around Auburn. They mesmerized their medium, and one another, and got what they supposed was the Spirit of St. Paul, and others mentioned in Bible history, to flatter them with the assurance that they were immensely important to the New Dispensation. The mediums, Scott and Harris, came to Brooklyn, and the Spirits, as they said, selected certain persons, making twelve, (to correspond to the twelve Apostles,) to hold a series of meetings secretly by themselves, to develop Mr. Harris and others, and devise plans of building up the new kingdom. They were told, by what they then supposed were the Spirits of the old Apostles, that they must go westward, and select lands, and make a settlement by themselves, which they did, as the nucleus of the great work, and that they, (Scott and Harris,) would be the exclusive channels through whom the Apostles, Christ, and God would speak to this nether world. They settled at Mountain Cove, Va., and continued there to publish a paper commenced at Auburn, with its title changed to "The Mountain Cove Journal."

Some differences arose as to which was the greatest apostle, Harris or Scott, and other dissensions crept into the community, which finally broke up and separated. Mr. Harris then returned to New York, and for a season preached radical spiritual sermons, and for a time generally acceptable to rational Spiritualists; but he gradually again fell under the persuasion that the Lord had chosen him to fight devils, and that he could not do it successfully before the congregation of rational Spiritualists, and he hence withdrew from them with a very few persons who were on the authoritarian plane, and believed the Lord spoke through him simply because he said so. Since then, he and they have held meetings in a small hall in the University Building. Finally, Mr. Harris became persuaded that he had been developed out of the spiritual into the celestial degree, and hence his followers could no longer comprehend his teachings, and that his outgrown mantle was to fall on another, who would be infilled and controlled by the Lord to continue the teachings on the plane from which he had been elevated; and then the Lord, as he says, and as his devotees believe, told him to go to Europe to perform a mighty work there.

This is a very general and brief history of Mr. Harris and his connection with Spiritualism in America, except that he is the author of several books, which speak for themselves. Mr. Harris is eloquent and brilliant, but he has always been so erratic and assuming, that he had no followers among rational, thinking people, but only a very few authoritarians.

We publish the following remarks from the New Jerusalem Messenger, because they so nearly express our views of Mr. Harris' ambition and presumption:

A discourse has come over the Atlantic from a New Church publishing house in England, entitled, "The New Church seen in its Doctrine of Regeneration: a Sermon preached at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institute, London, Sunday morning, May 29, 1859: by Rev. Thomas L. Harris, of New York." In looking through its pages, we are not surprised to find in them no repetition of the grandiloquent and theatrical pretensions with which this self-constituted "High Priest of the New Church" but recently announced his development into "the Apostolic degree," and his prospective mission to the benighted peoples of Europe and Asia. After some indulgent allowance for its rhapsodical character, its pretentious yet tawdry style, and its low views of Christianity, an intelligent New Churchman, unacquainted with Harris or his history, might be reluctantly led, from its title and its imprint, to regard the discourse as the honest though ill-advised attempt of a novitiate receiver, to set forth his crude conceptions of some truth of the Church. Certainly he would not recognize in its sentiments the hitherto unparalleled celestial wisdom to which its author professes to have attained. He would hardly imagine himself perusing the words of the man "in whom," (we quote his own words,) "the Lord breathes by the opening of the respiratories"; who has received from heaven a commission now first to inaugurate the New Church upon earth; who has been gifted with the power of "casting out demons"; and who, though calling himself a "New Churchman," regards with contempt all but his own followers who bear and have hitherto borne that name.

The fact that this discourse emanates from a New Church

publishing house, and assumes to be a New Church discourse, sufficiently proves that Harris is attempting to practice in England the system which gave him currency and success in this country; and induces us to bestow upon the man and his productions more attention than their own intrinsic powers for mischief would otherwise justify. If, in going to Europe, Harris has really left his uncommon pretensions behind him, he has abandoned them too silently and suddenly not to awaken suspicion. But if, on the contrary, he is only concealing or holding them back until by his rhetorical talents, his powers of persuasion and his professions of extraordinary "charity," he has ingratiated himself with New Churchmen in other countries, then it would appear a friendly office to them, and no injustice to him, that the lofty character he assumed in this country, and the indirect means he used to obtain a circulation for his writings among New Churchmen, should be made generally known. We have at hand the facilities for doing this, and shall proceed in the work as fast as we are convinced there is necessity for it.

In the mean time our friends in Europe are informed that Mr. Harris is not considered a receiver of the Heavenly Doctrines, in any true or ordinary sense, by New Churchmen in this country. In fact, he has publicly disowned indebtedness to Swedenborg for any truth that he may have preached or promulgated, but asserts that he obtains truths directly from the Lord. He has even asserted, privately, that he had never read a line of Swedenborg's writings; but this is known to be incorrect. New Churchmen here regard him merely as a Spiritist, and he is in fact nothing more. "The Divine Humanity" is often upon his tongue; but his views upon this great and solemn truth, as well as upon most other subjects, are seen, when carefully examined, to be little more than the merest naturalism, and of course in direct hostility to the Heavenly Doctrines. The well known tendency of his preachings and writings here, in the name of the New Church, has been to bring discredit upon the Church, and to deter the best class of minds from any examination of its doctrines.

In pompous and swelling words, and with irreverent assertions concerning his personal converse with the Lord which our readers would hardly excuse us for quoting, Harris has again and again claimed it as his mission to inaugurate the New Church—which he asserts has been a mere sham and shadow until he arose in Israel—by the introduction into it of "Mediatorialism," which means nothing less nor more than the practice in which he indulges of preaching from the dictation of Spirits. He declares his internals to be open even to the Lord, which enables him to range at will through the heavens and the hells, and to converse with Spirits and angels of every degree, and even with the Lord himself. It may with truth be said of all his writings concerning the angels and their abodes—and they fill volumes—that they do not contain a single manly and elevating, not to say spiritual, idea. They are literally steeped in sensuousness; and in minds which they do not fill with disgust and loathing, can excite none but sensuous thoughts and emotions.

Immediate inspiration from the Lord in preaching, which Swedenborg says is never given, Harris pretends to enjoy. It is hardly necessary to say that he regards his function in the Church as far above that of Swedenborg; for on many points he has put himself in such direct hostility to what Swedenborg was permitted to reveal, that no other tenable position was left him. In confirmation of our statements, a few passages from the Herald of Light, edited by Harris, will perhaps suffice. On the subject of his extraordinary office in the Church, he writes:

"We consider that we have, by virtue of our intromission into, and membership of, a society of angels, where the Lord is worshiped and where the Word in the ultimate celestial sense is gloriously made known, a specific function as concerns the Church proper in the world.—Herald of Light, vol. i. p. 172.

At other times he has asserted that the Lord himself had ordained him a High Priest in the Church; but his favorite mode of utterance, as seen above, is to give himself out as having some peculiar function in relation to the celestial heavens, and the celestial or sub-celestial sense of the Word, well knowing, as he does, that the credulity of his followers is the only limit beyond which his idle rhapsodies may not be safely palmed off for the celestial sense of the Word, without fear of comparison or contrast with anything that has been hitherto revealed.

His estimate of Swedenborg and his writings will be found in the following paragraph. He is speaking of the class of men whom the Lord always chooses to inaugurate a new era, and the negatives he attributes to Swedenborg indicate his modest estimate of his own positive gifts:

"Of this class, in the realm of ideas was Emanuel Swedenborg. With no power to move men by the preaching of the Word; with no sweet lyrical aptitude to see truth in fluent melody; with no faculty of adapting thought to all realms and ranks of men, to the savage and the child as well as to the sharp and logical sage; with, so far as we are aware, no gift of casting out demons—all of which pertain to those who exercise a composite use in the New Jerusalem. His grand speciality was that of illumined composition, ponderous, diffuse and in keeping with the peculiar habit of expression which existed among the cultured Latinists of the eighteenth century. The friend of kings, the associate of nobles and philosophers, he was re-

mote from the masses, and must ever remain so. The effect of his works is inevitably to draw together a select handful; they never can feed the heart-hunger of the many. Invaluable as expositions and illustrations of the spiritual sense of the Word, they contain arcanæ which are rich and wonderful, but so rapt in abstruse terms that they remain, to the common thought, a certain mysterious agglomeration of bewildering conceits. Theologians can not find out their value, much less the hard-faring, hard-worked millions. They are above the heads of all but a choice few."—Ibid. vol. iii. pp. 425, 436.

Harris, it should be borne in mind, "exercises a composite use in the New Jerusalem;" and, consequently, is endowed with every gift that Swedenborg lacked. To contradict or attempt to disprove any of the above statements would be wholly superfluous. They speak for themselves; and, moreover, they speak for Harris. No confession of his own could half so conclusively prove his ignorance of Swedenborg's writings, and his inability to appreciate either the man, his office, or the spirit in which he wrote.

The "sweet lyrical aptitude" wanting in Swedenborg must, of course, be presumed to dwell in Harris, because "the Spirits," as he avers, have poured out, through him, upon an unfortunate world, in an incredibly short number of hours, numerous volumes of that description of common-place imitation verses—*à la Pollok, Montgomery et Ossian*—which neither gods nor men are said to be able to tolerate.

For one of "sweet lyrical aptitudes," however, clothed with a celestial commission, and developed into the Apostolic degree, Harris has honored those who were not quite ready to take him at his word with an amount of contemptuous vituperation which conclusively proves that "Mediatorialism," if not identified with Spiritism, belongs to the same amiable family. Those who, while endeavoring to lead a good life, and to make known and explain the doctrines of the New Church, have ventured to call themselves New Churchmen, may be pleased to know how little Mr. Harris regards them as deserving the name. In his estimation it belongs exclusively to himself and his Mediatorial followers. They are the New Churchmen. The former are "just Swedenborgians—no more."

"It was believed by those who, at the close of the last century, turning to these neglected oracles, (the writings of Swedenborg,) found in them such ample evidence of a Divine Source, that they were to serve as the nucleus of a new and visible Church, taking the place of the decaying and petrifying ecclesiastical bodies, absorbing to itself the regenerate everywhere and serving as the initiatory institution of a fresh and glorious golden age. How lamentably this expectation has thus far failed; what a spectacle of inversion the pseudo church calling itself the 'New Jerusalem' presents, at least in America, it is not for us to say. But the facts—they testify. Since Swedenborg, not one original man, in the sense of illumination, has been produced among his followers, so far as we are aware. The most able and brilliant Swedenborgians have been just such Swedenborgians—no more; their office, that of commenting on, and presenting to the world, the writings of their master. How conscientiously such men as Hindmarsh and Noble, to say nothing of others near at hand, performed this especial task; how providential that task was, we need not state. Still the fact remains—the melancholy fact—a movement comparatively without life, a priesthood avowedly without illumination, a body of people debarred from independent thought. We speak not now of the new school led on by men like Weller, the editor of the Crisis, but of the temporal Swedenborgian Church, so far as within our own observation."—Id. ib. p. 436.

MOTHERS' MARKS.

The following facts were originally published in the Scalpel, in this city, being communicated to that medical journal by a physician of Marietta, O. Beside being interesting of themselves, they have an important psychological as well as physiological bearing, as our intelligent readers will not fail to perceive.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

Dear Sir—In reading an extract from your journal, in that of Morris & Willis', my mind was instantly carried back to other days, when, a youth, I resided in the beautiful State of Vermont. It was then that I became acquainted with several very interesting cases, which made an impression on my mind that maturer years has not obliterated. If you deem the following worthy of a place upon the pages of your Scalpel, they are at your service. I shall withhold names, of course; but there are doubtless many who will recognize at once the allusions, as they refer to individuals now living.

Case 1.—A gentleman residing at Brandon, Rutland county, Vt., removed to New York city, and while residing there, went one day to visit the zoological garden. While there, his wife, who was *enclente*, and who withal was of a highly nervous temperament, became greatly alarmed in consequence of the ferocity of a beautiful Bengal tiger, which was enraged at being disturbed while sleeping. The lady fainted. In process of time she gave birth to a healthy boy, which grew like other children. After the child was old enough to run about and play with its mates, it was observed of him that he exhibited the strangest of tempers whenever he became vexed at any little thing. At such times he would growl, and shriek, and fly at the faces of his companions with all the ferocity of a wild cat—tearing their clothes, biting and scratching their faces, and the like—his eyes, during the paroxysm, being of a fiery or green color, like those of the cat when angry or seen in the dark. As he advanced in years, and became large

enough to run out of doors and play with other boys, it became necessary for an older person to accompany him, to prevent his injuring his playmates during his paroxysms of fury. At other times he was of a most amiable disposition, and very affectionate. The sounds he uttered were precisely like those uttered by cats when fighting. I should have added that his parents removed to their former place of residence when the child was an infant. What he became in after years I know not, as I left the place when he was about five years old.

Case 2.—In the same town of Brandon lived a man—a farmer—who one morning desired his wife (to whom he had been married but a short time,) to go to the barn and assist him in killing and dressing a calf. The wife of the man's brother tried to dissuade her from going, being tinctured with certain "whims" or "notions," but to no purpose. She went. The calf was thrown upon its side, and as the man was in the act of applying the knife to its throat, his wife helping to hold it down, it suddenly sprang up, receiving at the same time a severe cut across the mouth and nose, the knife passing over and cutting off one of its ears. The woman became greatly alarmed, and ran to the house. In due time she gave birth to a living child. Well, that was natural enough. Yes, but what then? Why, the child had hare-lip, each lip being deeply cut through, and the cleft in the superior one extending entirely through it, and far back to the posterior part of the palate. The child had but one ear, also. The physician in attendance immediately sent for aid, and while in the act of closing the fissure, the child died. I presume the parents are now living, and one or both physicians who were present on the occasion. How will Mr. Incredulity account for such a state of things? I have read what a certain learned author says of a child born with a wooden leg, which had an iron ferrule on the end of it—but facts are one thing, and nonsense another.

Case 3.—In Rutland, Vt., lived a man who was given to strong drink. His wife—an excellent woman—had a favorite pet cat, which she loved immoderately. One day the man came in, and found his wife holding her favorite tabby as usual. Being under the influence of liquor and passion, he seized the cat, and with an oath dashed its head against the hearth. The wife was greatly affected. Some months after, she gave birth to a female child, whose physical organization presented strange peculiarities. Its face bore the general resemblance to that of a cat—having no chin, with the mouth quite at the lower part of the face—the nose long and depressed, and the eyes like those of a cat. The hands were deformed—very short fingers, crooked, and sharp nails. The child lived, and when I saw her in 1830, she was nine years old. She was passionately fond of her mother, but shunned her father. She had never spoken a word, but made known her wants by a kind of yelling, cat-like sound, which was horrible to hear. Will Mr. Incredulity, or his brother, account for this case?

Case 4.—In the same town resided a child, upon whose face was a peculiar red stain. The history of the case is as follows: At a wedding party given to the young couple soon after their marriage, the bride, by some accident, received the contents of a wine-glass upon her face as she was playfully running from one room to another. It spattered her face, neck and breast, and caused her much confusion of mind and not a little anger. Their first-born child came into the world with its face well covered with claret, its neck and breast being in the same state. As it increased in years, the color of the mark became brighter; and if any of your readers ever walked in the region of "Freeman's," in the northern part of East Rutland village, they have often met the same red-visaged little urchin, and stopped to wonder why nature was so naughty.

Case 5.—If any of your readers ever attended church in the brick edifice, in the northern part of the same town, they may remember of having seen a young man, some seventeen years since, one-half of whose forehead was covered with an unseemly mass of coarse, red and black hair, presenting not a very agreeable appearance. Its history is as follows: The father of the young man owned a favorite heifer, which one day got mired, and no man being about, the wife and mother exerted herself very much to extricate the young cow from her uncomfortable condition. It was in vain. She sat down, exhausted, and commenced patting the dumb animal upon the head, admiring and playing with the curl in the center of the forehead. Some months afterward a child was born to the fond parents, having a tuft of coarse hair, quite unlike in both color and quality to that upon the rest of the head, covering nearly one-half its forehead, having the same curl or rosette shape which existed on the forehead of the young cow. What says Mr. Incredulity to that?

Case 6.—Some years since, a gentleman from Clarendon, Vt., was crossing the North River, near Albany, in an open boat, in company with two other men. When midway the stream (it being a little dark,) one of the men suddenly seized a broken oar and struck the man first alluded to over the head, cutting a severe gash through the scalp and rendering him senseless. The object was robbery, but they were defeated in their purpose. The circumstances were soon communicated to the friends of the injured man; and his wife, who was devotedly attached to him, was greatly distressed. Some seven or eight months afterward, she gave birth to a child, upon

whose head was a wound corresponding in shape and position with that made upon her husband's head, and which had not healed when he returned home. Adhesive straps caused the wound to heal kindly, and the child lived.

Case 7.—Some few years since, a clergyman in Providence, R. I., was riding out with his wife in a covered sleigh. While riding along, they were met by another team, the horses attached to which were running away. In passing on the wrong side, the head of one of the horses came in contact with the covered sleigh, and carried away part of the top, slightly injuring the gentleman and greatly alarming his wife. The idea took hold of her mind that all his head, above his eyes, was carried away, and she repeatedly put up her hand to ascertain if his head was really where it ought to be. Some months elapsed, and the lady gave birth to a living child. Does Mr. Incredulity ask if it had a horse's head? Ah, well, let facts speak. The child had a face, but above its eyes it had no head or brain. It of course lived but a very brief period. The father is now living in Worcester county, Mass., and is a Baptist clergyman. Yours, truly,

J. A. T., M. D.

GHOST STORIES.

From Household Words.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MADMOISELLE CLAIRO.

The occurrence related in the letter which we are about to quote is a remarkable instance of those apparently supernatural visitations which it has been found so difficult, if not impossible, to explain and account for. It does not appear to have been known to Scott, Brewster, or any other English writer, who has collected and endeavored to expound those ghostly phenomena.

Clairon was the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the French stage, holding on it a supremacy similar to that of Siddons on our own. She was a woman of powerful intellect, and had the merit of effecting a complete revolution in the French school of tragic acting, substituting an easy, varied and natural delivery for the stilted and monotonous declamation which had till then prevailed, and being the first to consult classic taste and propriety of costume. Her mind was cultivated by habits of intimacy with the most distinguished men of her day; and she was one of the most brilliant ornaments of those literary circles which the contemporary memoir writers describe in such glowing colors. In an age of corruption, unparalleled in modern times, Mademoiselle Clairon was not proof against the temptations to which her position exposed her. But a lofty spirit, and some religious principles which she retained amidst a generation of infidels and scoffers, saved her from degrading vices, and enabled her to spend an old age, protracted beyond the usual period of human life, in respectability and honor.

She died in 1803, at the age of eighty. She was nearly seventy when the following letter was written. It was addressed to M. Henri Meister, a man of some eminence among the literati of that period—the associate of Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, M. and Madame Necker, etc., and the collaborator of Grimm in his famous "Correspondence." This gentleman was Clairon's "literary executor," having been intrusted with her memoirs, written by herself, and published after her death.

With this preface we give Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative, written in her old age, of an occurrence which had taken place half a century before.

"In 1743, my youth and my success on the stage had drawn round me a good many admirers. M. de S—, the son of a merchant in Brittany, about thirty years old, handsome, and possessed of considerable talent, was one of those who were most strongly attached to me. His conversation and manners were those of a man of education and good society, and the reserve and timidity which distinguished his attention made a favorable impression on me. After a green-room acquaintance of some time, I permitted him to visit me at my house, but a better knowledge of his situation and character was not to his advantage. Ashamed of being only a *bourgeois*, he was squandering his fortune at Paris under an assumed title. His temper was severe and gloomy; he knew mankind too well, he said, not to despise and avoid them. He wished to see no one but me, and desired from me, in return, a similar sacrifice of the world. I saw, from this time, the necessity, for his own sake as well as mine, of destroying his hopes by reducing our intercourse to terms of less intimacy. My behavior brought upon him a violent illness, during which I showed him every mark of friendly interest, but firmly refused to deviate from the course which I had adopted. My steadiness only deepened his wound; and unhappily, at this time, a treacherous relative to whom he had intrusted the management of his affairs, took advantage of his helpless condition by robbing him, and leaving him so destitute that he was obliged to accept the little money I had for his subsistence, and the attendance which his condition required. You must feel, my dear friend, the importance of never revealing this secret. I respect his memory, and I would not expose him to the insulting pity of the world. Preserve, then, the religious silence which, after many years, I now break for the first time.

"At length he recovered his property, but never his health; and thinking I was doing him a service by keeping him at a

distance from me, I constantly refused to receive either his letters or his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between this period and his death. He sent to beg me to see him once more in his last moments, but I thought it necessary not to comply with his wish. He died, having with him only his domestics and an old lady, his sole companion for a long time. He lodged at that time on the Rampart, near the Chaussee d'Antin: I resided in the Rue de Bussy, near the Abbey St. Germain. My mother lived with me, and that night we had a little party to supper. We were very gay, and I was singing a lively air, when the clock struck eleven, and the sound was succeeded by a long and piercing cry of unearthly horror. The company looked aghast; I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally insensible. We then began to reason about the nature of so frightful a sound, and it was agreed to set a watch in the street in case it were repeated.

"It was repeated very often. All our servants, my friends, my neighbors, and even the police, heard the same cry, always at the same hour, always proceeding from under my windows, and appearing to come from the empty air. I could not doubt that it was meant entirely for me. I rarely supped abroad; but the nights I did so nothing was heard; and several times when I came home, and was asking my mother and servants if they had heard anything, it suddenly burst forth as if in the midst of us. One night the President de B—, at whose house I had supped, desired to see me safe home. While he was bidding me 'good night' at my door, the cry broke out seemingly between him and me. He like all Paris was aware of the story; but he was so horrified that his servants lifted him into his carriage more dead than alive.

"Another time I asked my comrade, Rosely, to accompany me to the Rue St. Honore to choose some stuffs, and then to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. P—, who lived near the Porte Saint Denis. My ghost story (as it was called) was the subject of our whole conversation. This intelligent young man was struck by my adventure, though he did not believe there was anything supernatural in it. He pressed me to evoke the phantom, promising to believe if it answered my call. With weak audacity I complied, and suddenly the cry was heard three times with fearful loudness and rapidity. When we arrived at our friend's door, both of us were found senseless in the carriage.

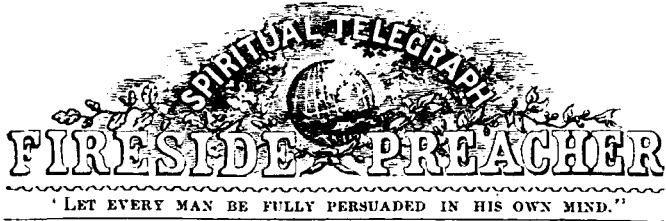
"After this scene, I remained for some months without hearing anything. I thought it was all over, but I was mistaken.

"All the public performances had been transferred to Versailles on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to pass three days there, but sufficient lodgings were not provided for us. Madame Grandval had no apartment, and I offered to share with her the room with two beds which had been assigned to me in the avenue of St. Cloud. I gave her one of the beds and took the other. While my maid was undressing to lie down beside me, I said to her, 'We are at the world's end here, and it is dreadful weather; the cry would be somewhat puzzled to get at us.' In a moment it rang through the room. Madame Grandval ran in her night-dress from top to bottom of the house, in which nobody closed an eye for the rest of the night. This, however, was the last time the cry was heard.

"Seven or eight days afterward, while I was chatting with my usual evening circle, the sound of the clock striking eleven was followed by the report of a gun fired at one of the windows. We all heard the noise, we all saw the fire, yet the window was undamaged. We concluded that some one sought my life, and that it was necessary to take precautions against another attempt. The Intendant des Menus Plaisirs, who was present, flew to the house of his friend, M. de Marville, the Lieutenant of Police. The houses opposite mine were instantly searched, and for several days were guarded from top to bottom. My house was closely examined; the street was filled with spies in all possible disguises. But, notwithstanding all this vigilance, the same explosion was heard and seen for three whole months, always at the same hour, and at the same window-pane, without any one being able to discover whence it proceeded. This fact stands recorded in the registers of the police.

"Nothing was heard for some days; but having been invited by Mademoiselle Dumesnil, the celebrated tragedian, to join a little evening party at her house near the *Barriere blanche*, I got into a hackney coach at 11 o'clock with my maid. It was clear moonlight as we passed along the Boulevards, which were then beginning to be studded with houses. While we were looking at the half-finished buildings, my maid said, 'Was it not in this neighborhood that M. de S— died?' 'From what I have heard,' I answered, 'I think it should be there,' pointing with my finger to a house before us. From that house came the same gunshot that I heard before. It seemed to traverse our carriage, and the coachman set off at full speed, thinking we were attacked by robbers. We arrived at Mademoiselle Dumesnil's in a state of the utmost terror, a feeling I did not get rid of for a long time."

Mademoiselle Clairon gives some farther details similar to the above, and adds that the noises finally ceased in about two years and a half.



CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office of the Telegraph and Preacher, 428 Broadway.

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"THE SUSPENSION OF FAITH."

The lecture, essay, sermon, (or whatever else it may be called,) read by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D., before the Alumni of the Divinity school at Cambridge, and published in this paper under date of the 20th of August, page 200, is one of the most remarkable papers in the history of the church. We have read and re-read it, and hope all our readers will do likewise, and thoroughly understand it. It is no ordinary spiritual phenomenon, yet it is based upon a prevailing general spiritual influence, and is one of the most important conquests modern Spiritualism has made. We had not expected it so soon, but it shows the power the New Dispensation is exerting in the minds of the people, both in and out of the church.

The church and priesthood have hitherto been sustained chiefly through the influence of the superstitious idea that the priest, in some mysterious manner, sustains intimate and influential relations with God, and is a sort of advocate or mediator between him and man, with facility or power to secure more of God's grace toward us than we could otherwise attain, and especially toward those who recognize these men as his divinely-commissioned agents. The idea has been prevalent that the priest sustains the same mediative relation between God and man which they say Christ does, only their position, influence, and power with God is inferior to that of Christ.

Priests have all, and always, taught, even the most liberal and rational of them, that men are saved only through the merits and sacrifice of another (Christ,) and the salvation which they have preached and labored for, has not been a salvation from our sins, but from the devil. Various schemes and tests of this salvation have been instituted, and an important part of these plans has been that recipients shall join the church and contribute to sustain the minister. Such being the idea of religion, the priests' business has chiefly been to magnify the wrath of God, and the importance and difficulty of making him kindly disposed toward the suppliant. They have not known nor taught the laws of men's relations to one another, to God, and the great universe without. They have not known nor taught the principles and laws of true human life, and the consequences of its violation, to the internal life of the individual. They have not known nor taught the basic laws of brotherhood, and the philosophy of a life according to these laws, and the reasons why a violation of these laws injures the individual and society. Priests hitherto have not been educated to know much of God and his works, nor of human nature and its relations and needs. The presumptions of the priesthood, with their angry God and devil, and their schemes for saving ignorant and superstitious people, may have subserved a use in years and ages of ignorance, but they never have been useful to enlightened people.

The church which is and has been, is not broad enough, deep enough, intelligent enough, humanitarian nor Christian enough, for a tolerable degree and growth of manhood. Science has driven the priests and church from one position to another, until they have given up knowing anything, until their religion, Christianity, preaching, and efforts, culminate in mere faith, which is made a saving grace. That is to say, if a person joins the church and professes to believe that the priest, or Christ, or both together, will save him, he is taught that his faith has saved him, not from sinning, but from the consequences of sinning—from the devil.

While the Church has been preaching and quarreling as to the best plan to present to the people God and Christ's scheme of saving from perdition their own children, or of engrafting into their natures something better than they inherited from God their father to make them worth saving, the people outside of the Church have been observing nature's divine revelations, talking face to face with the Spirits of wisdom who are

saved, and interchanging their experiences and reflections in the columns of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. If the priesthood will play the dog in the manger—will neither eat nor allow others to eat—will not observe the current phenomena and revelations, but spend their time and our money in elaborating Moses and the law—what wonder that the people have discarded their leadings, and gone directly to the fountain-head? What wonder that Science has changed positions with them, as Mr. Bellows says, from a humble supplicant at the church-gate, to passing scornfully by it; and that religion is thankful if geology does not throw her hammer at her head, and literature lampoon her in her own pulpit? It is the manifest destiny of humanity and intelligence to grow, and if the Church will establish creeds to limit growth and set up a religion for the future, it must, in the necessity of the case, be outgrown and repudiated.

It is not strange that a man of Dr. Bellows' observation and perception should see these tendencies of things; that he should see and acknowledge that the Church is outgrown; that mere faith-religion has been pushed to the circumference of its orbit, and is supplanted by that better thing—knowledge, and is of no further use, but "hangs in painful suspense with nothing to do"; but it is strange that in concocting and writing so elaborate an essay, he should not have discovered the main difficulty, namely: the utter futility of the idea that there must be a religious sect, hierarchy or association, as the receptacle of God's love and wisdom, and through which it must flow out to the people—a soul-saving aristocracy. It is strange that he should have failed to discover the inutility of fleeing to the Catholic Church to be saved, or that he should have expected to remedy the difficulties of which he complains by the adoption of any of her pageantry or ceremonies. The Catholic Church has the appearance of greater success only because it deals with the more ignorant and superstitious, who immensely outnumber the scientific and intelligent portion of the community. But the Protestant clergy can not cajole their sensible devotees into the Catholic Church, or the acceptance of any of its mummeries. Such would be only a shift for show, as many of their movements and church edifices have been and are.

The Protestant Church has never been Protestant except in name. It never has recognized the right of private interpretation and judgment. On the contrary, the different branches of the Protestant Church, so called, have been but fragments of the Catholic Church—each claiming infallibility in its interpretations, and the duty of quarreling with other branches of Protestantism because they read and interpret for themselves, and exercise the right to believe differently from them. Hence we shall not feel alarmed to see the more ignorant, authoritarian and superstitious of these unruly fragments give up the fight and unite with the Catholic hierarchy. We see no reason why they should not, for we see no standing-place between individuality and self-salvation from sin, and supplicants to the Pope and salvation from the consequences of sin through mediatorial intercessions. Disguise the transference of sin or its consequences as we may, it resolves itself at last into impunity or bounty for sinning, and hence encourages the sinner, and furnishes him a scapegoat. If a Church is needed at all, it certainly is not one of stupid mummery, gaudy show and presumptuous self-sufficiency in one man or set of men, to pardon and nullify the consequences of sin in another man, as in the Catholic hierarchy. Neither is it one of brilliant genius and eloquence in dressing up and presenting Moses and the rude past as worthy of emulation by the living, progressive and more divine present. Neither do we want a Church of aristocracy, which stands aloof from the common affairs, relations and duties of life; neither do we want a Church for the seventh day and not for the other six days; but we want a Church filled with divine and every-day uses and wisdom—some considerations relative to which we must defer for another article, in a future issue.

Pic-Nic Postponed.

The Spiritualists' Pic-Nic, postponed last week on account of the weather, will take place at Fort Lee on Wednesday, August 31, if fair; if not, on the first fair day. The steamer *Thomas E. Hulse* will leave foot of Spring-street, at quarter before 9 A. M., and 1 P. M.,—returning at half-past 3, and 6, P. M., landing at Twenty-second-street each way. Tickets to the landings, 10 cents. Fare on the boat, 10 cents each way.

BOOK NOTICE.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC RELIGION. A selection of Family Prayers, and other devotional exercises, adapted to various seasons and times of Health and Prosperity, Sickness and Death.

This is a book of devotion apparently free from all sectarian peculiarities, and without positively clashing with the religious opinions of any one. The prayers are diversified and appropriate to almost all ordinary occasions and circumstances of human life, and selections of them may also be used in public worship in the absence of a minister. We are informed by the anonymous author, that the compilation was originally made for special use in his own family, but the comforts and other spiritual benefits derived from it, have induced him to place it, in an enlarged and extended form, before the public, in the hope that others may derive similar benefits from it. There are those belonging to all sects, and to no sect at all, who feel not only that the desire to worship is deeply implanted in the purest and loftiest affections of the human heart, but who feel their incompetency to put their aspirations into the form of appropriate words, such as may not only bring their own minds, but those of their families and other auditors, into the harmony of a devout and reverential spirit: and to such this book is recommended as well calculated to supply a want, without tending, in any degree, to sectarianize the mind, or to withdraw it from the catholic communion of universal Christian charity.

New Work on Providence.

We learn that Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald is about to put to press a new work on Divine Providence. Mr. Fernald, as many of our readers are aware, has long been employed in the investigation of spiritual subjects principally from a religious standpoint, is a clear and profound thinker, and a vigorous and fluent writer. We are to expect from his pen a thorough treatise on the above subject, taking it up in all its great branches, and presenting both its philosophy and its practical application. We know of no man who is better qualified, whether by natural endowments or long and patient study, to render complete justice to such a subject, and we have no doubt that his forthcoming book will meet with extensive appreciation, especially as we understand that it is not intended to favor the interests of any particular sect, but to discuss the subject on the broad grounds of its own intrinsic merits.

THE "INDEPENDENT" ON GERRIT SMITH.

Even the *Independent*, the most liberal among the soi-disant orthodox journals, and which is undoubtedly doing much to liberalize public sentiment within the circle of its readers, often permits some dark and turbid streams of bigotry to flow through its columns; and one of these we find, under an editorial head, in its last week's issue, in the form of a review of Gerrit Smith's "Discourse of Reason," lately published in the *New York Tribune*. What the *Independent* deems especially offensive in that discourse, is the following paragraph:

"When we are told that God has prepared an eternal hell—a place of endless and inconceivably exquisite torture—for a large share of his children. we are sure that this shocking picture finds no counterpart and no warrant in creation and Providence. These tell us of a father, and not of a fiend: of love, and not of hatred: of forgiveness, and not of revenge. These tell us that in all ages God has made his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and has sent his rain on the just and on the unjust; and these bid us hope that in other worlds, as well as in this, he will still be the father and the friend of men. Again, if men are miserable here, it is not of his infliction, but because they make themselves so: yes, and make themselves so in the midst of the numberless and sufficient means he has provided for making themselves happy. If, in this world, men persevere in ruining themselves, it is in the face of his perseverance to save them. And why should it be otherwise in other worlds? From nothing we see of God is he changeable. We are bound to believe that he is as ready to afford his children opportunities in one stage of being as well as in another, for the improvement of their character: and that he is ever intent, as much so in one world as in another, to do them good, and not evil. And why should we doubt that God is as forgiving in another life as in this? Would Jesus have told us to set no limits to the time of forgiving our brother, had he believed that the exercise of God's forgiving spirit is confined to this first brief stage of human existence? Would he have told us to be so much better than he believed God to be?"

After quoting this paragraph, the reviewer proceeds to say:

"It must mortify Mr. Smith to find that Universalists of the lowest grade now count him as a convert to their views, and echo his praise in bar-rooms and the purlieus of vice. Will his doctrine contribute to reform the vicious and to improve society?"

We have no special sympathy with Universalists as a sect, nor do we regard their doctrines, upon the whole, with any more favor than we regard the doctrines of several other sects which we are forced to consider as mixtures of truth and error; but from our somewhat extensive intercourse with the

members of that sect, we are obliged to look upon the above expression of the *Independent* as anything but just, kind or Christian. "Universalists of the lowest grade—echo his praise in bar-rooms and in the purlieus of vice"! If the writer in the *Independent* means to impute to Universalists, as a body, a greater affinity for "bar-rooms" and the "purlieus of vice" than that which characterizes the great body of believers in an endless hell, he ought to know that he is speaking either from ignorance or malignity, for it is very certain that nineteen-twentieths of the frequenters of "bar-rooms" and the "purlieus of vice" are not Universalists, but are staunch believers in his own beloved and eminently-orthodox doctrine concerning future retribution. If "the fear of hell" is that salutary "hangman's whip to haw the wretch in order," it seems almost a pity that there is not, in orthodox creeds, pointed out some special department in that nether deep, heated to a seven-fold intensity in *terrorem* to those who, hypocritically professing themselves to be Christians, are living in reckless violation of the plainest principles of Christian charity.

"It is plain from the extract from Mr. Smith's discourse given above, that he opposes the *common notion* of an endless hell on the ground of its being a *vindictive, revengeful* and *retaliative* measure of the divine administration; and the whole force of his argument is based upon the very reasonable presumption that God would not require us to do good to our enemies while he does unmitigated and eternal evil to his. This grand feature of the issue the *Independent*, in its remarks, seems studiously to avoid, and occupies the attention of its readers with speculations concerning what it supposes to be "appropriate sanctions" of the law. We think it is high time that the blasphemous, horrible and degrading doctrine of a revengeful God should be done away, on whatever other grounds the doctrine of an endless hell might be based.

Medium Wanted in Paris.

We have received a request from Spiritualists in Paris, to send them a medium whom we can recommend, and in whose presence physical and test manifestations are given, such as will admit of no possibility of being traced to earthly causes. Expenses of the voyage and of a return to this country, together with a fair compensation for time, are offered to a medium possessing suitable qualifications. Should this meet the eye of any person who may deem himself falling within this description, and who would like to make the voyage, he will please call at this office that we may ascertain his qualifications, and know whether we may, in confidence, recommend him to our Paris friends, as the direct invitation to make the journey would probably depend altogether on our recommendation.

Freeport Journal, Freeport, Ill.

This is a large and spirited paper, conducted on the most liberal scale; we are highly gratified to see copious extracts from the TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER, and also a notice of the Philanthropic Anniversary to be held in Buffalo, on the 16th 17th and 18th of this month, (September,) with other notices of liberal and progressive movements. Our friends in Indiana and vicinity who may desire to take a local paper, will, we think, find Spiritualism and all truths treated respectfully in that journal.

Smolnikar's Convention.

We have been solicited to notice a call issued by Mr. Andrew Smolnikar, for a Convention to be held on the 20th of September proximo, and several subsequent days, at Springhill, Perry Co., Pa., six miles west of Millerstown, for the purpose of inaugurating a movement to be called the *Peace Union Movement*, and to initiate a settlement at that place on a tract of land consisting of five hundred acres, which has been secured. The leading element in the great object is, we understand, to counteract the insidious encroachments of Monarchy and Popery upon the principles of Republicanism, and Mr. Smolnikar, once a Catholic Priest and Professor in Austria, and all his life, as he thinks, a medium, professes to have some startling revelations on this subject in store for those who will attend this Convention, and whom he expects to take an interest in the extensive circulation of a book which he is about to publish. We make this announcement, by request, without having one particle of faith in the wisdom of Mr. S.'s project, or the success of his enterprise, but leave all men to their option in respect to attending this proposed gathering, and participating in the movement.

"F's" REPLY TO "PSYCHE."

In noticing the strictures of *Psyche*, published in the last issue of the TELEGRAPH, upon my current series of articles entitled "*The Spirit and the Spirit World*," I would take the occasion to say that in writing those articles I have endeavored to be influenced only by the desire to contribute something toward the establishment of a truer philosophy concerning the subject treated, than that which has heretofore been generally current among those who have speculated and written upon it; and this being my great object, I have no desire to defend my positions from any adverse criticisms which may clearly point out their errors and substitute something more truthful in their place. In so great and important a field of inquiry as that on which we have here entered, every thinker should not only esteem it a privilege, but a solemn and imperative duty, to lay aside all petty and pugnacious jealousies of the parentage of his own peculiar thoughts and theories, and all selfish ambition to have his particular notions prevail because they are his, and look only for truth with a willingness—nay, a strong desire—to have his errors corrected from whatever quarter. Endeavoring, therefore, to be actuated solely by this spirit, I offer this rejoinder to the strictures of *Psyche*, not for the purpose of defending my own theory because it is my own, (for this I would joyfully abandon the moment I could find a more rational and consistent one,) but for the purpose of discharging a duty to inquiring and candid readers, by removing the obscurations of a subtle and false logic which might otherwise prevent them from receiving and enjoying the benefits of what I must still regard as a sublime and important truth. I will here add that the real name of *Psyche* is well known, and that he has recently excited much interest, by his theory, in certain conversational circles in this city.

Let us, then, look at *Psyche's* points *seriatim* as they occur in his article. First, then, going at once to the foundation of all the difference between his philosophy and my own, he finds fault with my propositions asserting the *reality* and *objectivity* of the things composing the natural or spiritual worlds, as contradicting the theory of the Idealist, that these things are not realities but mere appearances originating and included in the mind itself to which they appear, and he contends that my position in respect to this point necessarily involves the same absurd doctrine respecting the Spirit-world which, in previous articles, I had refuted. He says:

"If the spiritual world is a world of 'substantial matter,' if it really is, as contradistinguished to a phenomenon, or mere *apparent* being, as held by the Idealist, then it is a world of substance or matter, having a locality beyond the 'Milky Way,' or somewhere *else*—a time and place—precisely as claimed for the material world. Thus do all F's arguments, pointed with such deadly aim, and plied with such vigorous and cunning thrusts, recoil upon him."

The doctrine which I set forth was that the natural world is in *natural* space, or space that is measurable by *natural* standards of length or distance, while the *spiritual* world is not in *such* space at all, or in anything known by the *natural* man as space, but in an extense known only by the *intervals* which divide and distinguish *spiritual* natures or states, to attempt to measure which by *natural* standards would be like attempting to measure thought or affection by a yard-stick. My ideas on this subject were distinctly illustrated in my ninth article, to which the reader is respectfully referred. But I will here ask my friend *Psyche*, if an affection, thought or theory can ever be said to be in *natural* space—for instance, just so many yards, feet, inches and barley-corns north, south, east or west of a certain specified tree or post? Of course he will answer no. If I should say, then, that *his theory* (a collection of thoughts) is a thing that really is, *per se*, that it is *outside* of my mind, that it composes no part of my mind, but that my mind is adverse to it, and far from it, and that it is his alone, and not mine—would I, in this, be asserting that his theory is material, and in *natural* space, some certain number of miles or yards from where my body is now sitting? If not, then what becomes of his argument, or rather *assertion*, involved in the above extract? In the *spiritual* world, it is true, this theory of *Psyche* might actually appear in visible correspondent form, a certain distance and direction from me, according to its relations to my mind, but that would not constitute it *material*, at least in any earthly sense of that word, nor would its distance (*actual* in the Spirit world) from my *personal mentality* admit of any conceivable measurement from any *earthly* locality. As a reader of Swedenborg, my friend *Psyche* is familiar with the doc-

trine that in the Spirit world *every thought* has a shape, which is or may be, visible, and that a thought of a mind not our own, may hence have a form that is not only *apparently* but *actually* outstanding from ourselves. (See my tenth article.)

Again, *Psyche* thinks that my theory "involves a very mischievous theological sequence," which he endeavors to point out thus:

"Whatever actually *is*, is just as real as God, and my good friend F., in affirming the outstanding and real objectivity of things in the natural or spiritual world, affirms them to be as truly real as God. For whatever *is* can not be more so—can not be *more is*; and *per contra*, whatever is *not* can not be *less* so, or less not. Now if God is, and matter or substance is, the one is as real as the other. It is true there may be more of the one than the other, but a grain of sand is just as real a thing as a mountain of sand. Moreover, two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time; and if God is, and matter or substance is, then the one excludes the other."

While denying the existence *per se*, of outstanding objects, separate from the mind which *seems* to perceive them, *Psyche* in this extract impliedly, and elsewhere clearly and positively, admits that God *is*, and that he is the only being who absolutely *is*. Now with his admission that God *is*, fixed in our minds, let us give another extract from the article in review:

"The proposition is so plain that it needs only to be stated to be understood. Whatever *is* must be in some *place* and at some *time*, and whatever occupies a place is extended, and whatever endures in a time has succession. But whatever occupies space must be substance or matter, and a world so occupying a time and a space, is a substantial or material world."

Here, then, we have a singular and startling syllogism, the major proposition of which, "so plain that it needs only to be stated to be understood," is that "Whatever *is*, must be in some place and some time," and "must be matter." The minor proposition is, "God is," and the conclusion, therefore, unavoidably is, That "God is in some space and time, and is matter." Dear *Psyche*, I would never have thought of charging you with holding to the doctrine of a material God occupying natural space and time, had I not found that doctrine clearly expressed in your own language. I am still reluctant to charge upon you an absurdity which I know you will repudiate, and therefore I will presume upon your willingness to acknowledge your entire mistake as to the major proposition of this syllogism—at least so far as it relates to *natural* space and time, and to what is known in the world as *matter*. If, however, you insist that whatever absolutely *is*, must be in *natural* space and time, and must be matter, then I must insist upon your accepting a conclusion which I know is still more objectionable to you, viz.: that there is no God, because you are perpetually denying that there is any such thing as that space, time, and matter, in which you say whatever *is* must, necessarily, dwell and inhere. But if a spiritual (not natural) thing can be—if, for instance, God, the Sum and Fountain of all Spirit, can be, without dwelling in space and time as known to the external faculties of the natural or earthly man, and without being composed of dead matter, then our philosophy as to the mode of existence of the spiritual world not only remains untouched, but is impregnable, and all that is said of the impossibility of a *spiritual* God or world co-existing with natural matter, on the ground that the two can not occupy the same *space*, must go for naught.

Psyche's argument maintaining the impossibility of a "contacting" between matter and spirit, on the ground of there being no ratio between them, I must admit, looks, when superficially viewed, not a little ingenious; but when it comes to be probed, it is found to be not half so ingenious as fallacious. The argument reduced to the syllogistic form would be this: Two things which absolutely *are*, and yet are absolutely different from each other, with no ratio between them, can not, by any means, contact with each other. Spirit (or God) and matter absolutely are, and are absolutely different, with no ratio between them. (for the existence of matter is admitted, now, for the sake of the argument.) Therefore Spirit (or God) and matter can not contact with each other. And to this it is added, substantially, that if that which *is not* a thing of natural space and time could contact with that which *is* a thing of natural space and time, it must *become* a thing of natural space and time; and that if Spirit could contact with matter it must, in that process, *become* matter.

Unfortunately the major proposition of the above syllogism is an error, and of course the conclusion must be erroneous. We know that two things absolutely different, and with no ratio between them, *do* often contact with each other. Hy-

drogen, for example, is one thing; oxygen is another, absolutely different, and, as to its chemical properties, even an absolutely *opposite* thing, and there is no ratio whatever between the two, in the sense in which Psyche seems to use the term "ratio." And yet the two unite and form water, which, as water, is neither hydrogen nor oxygen, but is absolutely different from both; and yet the hydrogen, as to its essential nature, remains hydrogen, and the oxygen remains oxygen, unchanged. Or if Psyche, with another application of the term "ratio," should contend that there is a ratio between these two substances, because they are both material, then we must remind him that that ratio is not a ratio of natures or degrees of being; for these two substances, considered purely as such, have no degrees of mere longitude or continuity between them, but are as absolutely discreted from, and untransmutable into, each other as matter and spirit. There is, therefore, no ratio between them except that which exists between matter and Spirit, viz., the ratio of mere *being*, in the one great mass of all and universal being; and in this one great mass of all being, in which each thing exists on a common *general* ground with all other things, it no more follows that Spirit, in contacting with matter, must become matter, or that things of no *natural* time and space, in contacting with things of *natural* time and space, must become themselves things of natural time and space, than it follows that hydrogen, in contacting with oxygen, must become oxygen, or *vice versa*.

Let us now look a little farther at our friend's doctrine of mere appearances or seemings. He says:

"Those who feel any interest in pursuing this most important of all subjects which can occupy the human mind, will please bear in mind that the Psychicalist holds that the visible universe is but a *fact of sense*, and that it has no existence *per se*, or independent of the mind; that it is merely phenomenal; that it is not being, but solely the manifestation of being; that it does not in fact exist, but only *seems* to exist, and that that seeming reality is all there is of it; that the apparently external forms and objects which he contemplates, are only conditions of his senses, ultimated or produced in the sense-degree of his mind from the realm of uses within him."

That is to say, dear Psyche, that there is no being or thing in existence but *yourself*, and that it is doubtful whether even you really are; that the apparently external forms and objects which you contemplate do not exist by themselves, but are parts of yourself ultimated in the sense-degree of your mind; that when you look upon a rose and smell its fragrance, you only look upon and smell a part of yourself; that when you eat your beefsteak, you eat a part of yourself ultimated in the sense-degree of your mind; that when you look upon your wife and children, and press them to your bosom, you only look upon and embrace parts of yourself; that when you walk along the street, you walk along the avenues of your own mind; that when you are run over and knocked down by an omnibus, you are run over and knocked down by a "condition of your senses, ultimated or produced in the sense-degree of your mind from the realm of *uses* within you;" that when you come into our office, as you often do, and engage with your present humble respondent in our customary interesting chats on the sublime mysteries of our "Psycho-Cosmos," you simply come into yourself, and converse with the "sense-degree of your own mind," and not with me, as there is no me at all, outstanding from yourself! But suppose I should now tell you that there is no such being in existence as *you*; that the apparition of your form, that your conversation, your writings and everything you *seem* to me to ever have said or done, are only "*appearances* in the sense-degree of my own mind;" would not this be a species of the *argumentum ad hominem* to which I am fully entitled according to your own doctrine?

But now let us look for a moment a little more critically at what is implied in an *appearance*. I hold that, according to all the proprieties of language, it implies three things: first, an *appearer*, secondly, a something to which it appears, and thirdly, that these are necessarily and absolutely *distinct* from each other. The appearance may or may not be deceptive, it is true, but this makes no difference as to the actual, objective existence of an *appearer*. For example, I may see what appears to me to be a piece of white sugar, but in reality it may be a lump of salt; the *appearer*, nevertheless, was there, and that *appearer* was the salt. The street may appear to me to be narrower at the end farthest from where I stand, and this is a deception, but the *appearer* is there, and that is the street. The stars may appear to me but a mile or two above my head, and this is a deception; but the *appearers* are

within the range of vision, and those *appearers* are the stars or other existences which resemble them, and which are equally substantial, outstanding realities, separate from my mind, or from that to which they *appear*. Now if an *appearer*, or that which appears, is one thing, and that to which it appears is another and necessarily distinct thing, I do not see but that we are logically compelled to admit a universe of objective, outstanding *appearers* which are distinct from, and even in some sense in opposition to, our inward, cognizing faculties, though in harmony and correspondence with them.

The very fact, indeed, of their being *inward*, cognizing faculties, implies that there must be, at least in respect to themselves, *outward*, cognizable objects, for there can be no inward except in respect to an outward, or outward except in respect to an inward—even as, moreover, there can be no cognizer except with respect to a cognized, and no cognized except with respect to a cognizer, each one of these being necessarily *different* from the other.

Yet Psyche's theory has sufficient of interest in it to claim the attention of every reasoning mind. It is not only an excellent mental *gymnasium*, but for the very reason that it is the greatest possible remove from the truth, it brings the *discriminating* mind very near the truth, on the principle that extremes meet.

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SERMON BY REV. E. G. HOLLAND.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE, AND THE EFFECT OF SCIENCE ON FAITH.

PREACHED AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

"What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord." JER. 23: 28.

Nothing can be more permanent than that which springs from our own nature. All that is fundamental or substantial in it, must appear in every generation. Nothing that is essentially human can die out. The question, therefore, of the continuance of religion, is at the bottom—the question of the continuance of the Human Race. The race must continue, in defiance of disease and death, in defiance of raging fevers and fatal plagues, of earthquakes destroying thousands, of wars destroying tens of thousands, of desolating floods and consuming fires. Who shall affirm the extinction of this human race? whose development, whose growth is the apparent end of nature, into which all the world's past history, all its modern facilities, all the influences of the visible creation are poured as contributions? The imperishability of the Race, and the continuance of every faculty and instinct of humanity, rest on one and the same foundation. Can reason perish? can appetite disappear? can imagination leave the world? can moral feeling discontinue its report? can love, labor and speech grow obsolete? We know the folly of these suppositions. But can Faith cease to live? can reverence and worship cease to be? can religion, which is a child of reverence and of faith, cease to inhabit our world, or cease to manifest itself in marked results? Again, I say, the question at bottom is barely this: Shall humanity continue to inhabit the universe, or shall it be blotted out? We can not, we will not argue such a question.

The waters of Niagara, turned into beauty and sublimity by the phenomena of the cataract, proceed from the vast treasures of Lake Erie; but this fact is no more certain in geography than is the fact of history, that the great phenomena of churches, of holy shrines, of holy books, of saintly memories, of priests and prophets, and incarnations of God, sacred creeds and temples—all have poured forth from the religious soul of Humanity. The Niagara of religious history—poured from the unseen depths of the soul (its currents breaking into actual phenomena) into institutions, temples, chants, prayers, hymns and shouts of joy—has to the thinker no more uncertainty respecting its origin than has the Niagara that draws thousands yearly to commune with its majesty and might. Both are the matchless wonders, overpowering in their roar all other voices. Nor Caesar, nor the priests of Egypt, could tell the sources of the Nile. Are they even now known? We knew not till within recent time the source of our own Mississippi. But the fountains of that river of Reverence that has flowed through all time, in manifold channels, turning the wheels of so many institutions, these are known to us. All rivers indeed are from the sea and unto the sea; and, under God, are all the tides of Religion from humanity unto humanity. The showers come down with mysterious lightnings and thunders from heaven; the ignorant ages fancy that they are direct from a lasting, solid, and firmamental reservoir whose windows are opened, and whose sides are overflowed—that Indra or Gods pour them down by personal effort; but science comes along and testifies that the heaven-giving rains are from the great waters and unto the great waters. So are the rains that have made the springs, brooks and rivulets, that in different ages and latitudes have caused Amazons, the Danubes, the Rhines, the Mississippi of Faith—the Judaism, the Christianity, the Brahmanism, and the Buddhism of the world. It is safe to say that water shall last, and that rivers shall run forever; but it would be hazardous to allege that they shall always go on their present channels. The channel is not the river, but its effect. Faith and religion shall outlast the sun; but they will create new channels—will forsake old ravines, and that without being disloyal to beauty and the sea.

I will here then name a distinction that is most important in this subject—the distinction between *substance* and *form*. As in nature, so in history and life; the one is permanent, eternal—the other is phenomenal and passing away. Faith and religion, as substance, are eternal. The *forms* in which they shall go forth to meet the wants of men, must in the future, as they always have done in the past, depend on the culture and moral want of the time, and on the qualities of the race. Let no man therefore predict the eternalization of any one form of faith; let him not say, that any religion has, in the present state of existence, an immortal body: it is enough to say that it has immortality of soul. The body must some day leave it, though for its time and day it shall, like all bodies, reveal by expression, the quality and the character of the soul, serving it by its finiteness and practicability. Historic details can not be eternized, no more than locality can be made infinite in extent.

In the form of *principle* one finds that which can not pass away. Attraction, electricity, impulse onward among all worlds in space, these can not pass away: the laws of religion and morals, which open worship toward God, and duty toward man, are equally immortal. But when great moral ideas come into the world triumphant and successful, they must come in a *person*, in a *life*. In no other form can they win popular victory—in none other can they touch and melt the great human heart. A religion, a faith, must sojourn in the flesh, must walk on feet, must talk from human tongues in known accents, must in personal shape come under the criticisms, likes and hatreds of men. A religion must look on men through a pair of eyes—through an experience; it must pray, preach, weep and rejoice among the moving world; it must hang on a cross or die in a prison, before it can get an embodied power. No man by talking on charity, in however splendid abstraction, can evolve the touching power of that one name, Florence Nightingale. In the name Jesus Newton there is a weight, a human force, which the name of his abstract discoveries do not bear. The *person* is a life, a fountain, a will, an influence, living, touching, to which no other form of effect is equal. Ideas, truths in verbal propositions and ideas: truths stated in persons, in lives by the Eternal Artist who builds the true man and the true woman—are vastly different. Jesus is religion in triumph. His name carries far more in time than either of his thoughts. The world, from a law God-given, glorifies embodiment, concreteness, personality—therefore the value of incarnations, Messiahs, and books, in which their lives are unfolded. Every faith that has ever impressed itself strongly on mankind, has had a personal, historical center, unfolded in a book.

As no religion can appear in a *person* without having a history, without calling out a great variety of events, and becoming associated with many particular occasions—for it is by these that every mind is unfolded—there come to be historic records of what was said and done by the Divine person, imperfect records they must always be, but serving the main purpose of bringing the elements of a higher life and a diviner soul into a reproductive contact with the hearts and lives of men. The Godlike person sets his age and times on fire; he inspires, he penetrates, he sways the souls of men. Unable to resist the moral magnetism of his greatness, many are drawn along with him, and antagonism from the set and stereotyped forms of piety draw out from him the clearest and strongest expressions of character. So earnestly are the minds of the most appreciative absorbed that, with only moderate talents, they must make a statement sufficiently true, sufficiently full, to embody what is vital, and commanding in his ideas and acts, so that he becomes reproductive on the centuries. This end being achieved, the great purpose of records, of history in the case, is completely fulfilled. The questions of verbal accuracy in the particular accounts, of traces of error existing in the *cultus* of the times, mixed up with all the rest; the questions of an infallible letter of statement—of authority in the writers entitling their dicta to a despotic regard, to which reason, experience, conscience, and all coming science shall bend—these questions all answer themselves so fully that they need not be entertained. They are proofs of the non-presence of reason and liberty—are non-essential to the main end. What we want is the character, the life, the spirit, the purpose which the God-given Messiah has unfolded among men: and these are so fully embodied in the plain story of the Gospels, and in the epistles of those who had drank deep at the new fountain, that they are the solid reservoir of a spiritual power incomparably more exalted and efficient than was ever gained by the well-meant efforts of men who, by philosophy and moral teaching, had sought to raise the world from its degradation. The efforts of study and philosophy, from the necessity of things, had been confined to the few; they did not move the mass. But the Gospels in their simplicity have moved the world—have met fallen and dejected humanity where it lived, and again and again has raised it up, given it new reverence, new hope, new moral purpose, and a new class of joys. The records, without being literally infallible, or entirely correct, have always fulfilled the full purpose of a historical department, and been the cask that has held faithfully the Divine wine for ages and for successive millions of human beings.

Having settled the perpetuity of faith on a basis which time can not effect, I propose to consider the influence which science must exert upon its forms in the Church of the Future, which by no possibility can stand upon the creeds accepted by the Church of the Past, or the present. I say upon its *forms*, for it is the form only which science can effect; the substance remains. We morally exist by it. Tickle thought it the faculty of all others that should guide us wisely and divinely. I think so too. It is wiser and holier than logic, or philosophy, or ethical teaching. Faith by feeling and perception her own, holds on to right, confides in love, looks to the glorification of all actual virtue, while the expediences frown upon her and allure their numberless throng in the ways of unscrupulous interest. She is a goddess in the temple of man, divine in her beauty, native, born in the Spirit, reliant on the Higher Power; recognizing it in the order of things, she reveres and adores, and to God is forever adhesive. Often we are in realms where we can not assign the definite reasons. There faith guides us, cleaving the darkness and leading on to the end instinctively as the bee returns to its hive. We know that faith and belief are very different words, that faith hath roots in the soul, in the heart, and that thereby its purely mental convictions are made alive. Belief is ordinarily quite dead: but faith, central in spirit, vitalizes the intellectual conviction.

The monarchist, the imperialist, in the Old World, has for ages identified the idea of social order, of loyalty, with the doctrine that kings rule by divine right, and that the rights of other men are only grants and gifts bestowed by the despot. Suppose that a few centuries ago, when some revolutionary storm had threatened the perpetuity of an Eastern throne, the question had been asked, "Will social order and regard for just laws be banished from the world, or will they continue?" the answer had been "Only in the one man power can law be honored. The Emperor, he is the state, and with irreverence to his supremacy these must fall, all over the world—all regard for authority, all social order and justice." So much are men the slaves of association. But experience through time astonishes the old despotic creed with the fact that millions obey laws without emperor, court or king. At last men see that human nature is naturally loyal, and that reverence is natural, and that justice, under any form, makes a happy state. So it is with the religious reverences. Under the slavery of old associations, a plenty of men and women, yea multitudes, would say, "All holy faith, all reverence of heart and life toward God, all sincere aspiration for holiness and heaven, in the world depend on the belief of the infallible letter of Scripture, of the entire supremacy of the Bible over man's reason, conscience, and heart." The Romanist will say, "All salvation in this world, all pure religion depends on faith in the Church, as an infallible institution, as the sole ambassador of heaven for the eternal salvation of men; and he can not see that this position, on which he bases all true religion and salvation, is in reality the very undoing of religion,

the denial of the causative relation which religion has always borne toward its institutions, a denial of its supremacy by virtue of the soul, which is the only basis we have for its reality, its Catholicity, its eternity. The Church of the Future will turn all these postulates into folly. It will demonstrate that God is not shut up in books, ancient or modern: that reverence, faith, hope, duty, love, shall find inspired aids in the pure influx of Deity, in experience, in living nature, and in the life and spirit of all the real saints and mighty souls from Enoch to Channing and Wilberforce—from Channing and Wilberforce on through the never-completed calendar of worthies, which the Spirit of truth and of healthy sanctity shall raise up from age to age. The Church of the Future shall accept science as a revelation of God, pure and undefiled, not infallible in its letter, as it must come through human media. It shall have inspiration, the inspiration which can trace all creation to its central God, making the world of nature His radiant mantle. It shall be the focus wherein all our new sectarian paths shall find their end, wherein our vast theologic bulk of Law and Prophets shall get their brief and effective summary—wherein the whole of our Old and New Testament forms shall pass into their quintessence, the religion of the soul and of the life—absolute, unchanging, eternal.

What effect shall Science have on Revelation? What effect shall Revelation have on Science? These are the questions.

It is asked, Which of these in the conflict shall bow unto the other? Shall Revelation bow to Science, or Science to it? I answer, that neither shall bow, except in mutual recognition of respect. Neither shall bow in the sense of dependence, neither shall bend. Truth is royal, and need not bend. The departments of the universe are faithful each to each, Nature to Spirit, and Spirit to Nature, past to present, present to what shall be. We only need to know what Revelation is, and what it is not, and all difficulty disappears. A thing is not revelation because it lies between the lids of a sacred book; of these many books a particular selection is called the Canon, and of several of these their place in the Canon depended on a small majority of votes in the council that arranged the various parts of the sacred Scriptures. Unless these votes were divinely, infallibly inspired, none can say that the Canon, in its entirety, is a Revelation. Revelation is truth brought to light. It is this under every form and phase. Though all truth is revelation in the coming forth of it—is so to all who come to see it for themselves—truth becomes revelation by pre-eminence, when it pours upon the human will currents of moral influence—when, in language worthy of the theme, and born of it, it unites God and man, opens the inward Spirit-life, pronounces the supremacy of the moral law, and places our *whence* and *whither* in the infinite God. This pre-eminence arises from the authority of the moral and the religious sentiments over all other tides of our being. What is revelation? It is the truth that may be found in a sacred book. Errors of science, errors of belief, errors of practice, wedged into the state of the times when a book is written, these are not revelations, though canonized by all the churches of the world ten thousand times ten thousand. Inspiration extends to words and thoughts conjointly, words as well as thoughts. It is spontaneity; it is the vital presence of God in our being and experience, the fact perpetual, so long as the earth has true and sacrificing souls. Nothing can be revelation any farther than it is true; and in the light of this postulate, all revelation and all science shall be as twins, of one essential blood and parentage—yea, finally, and in the Church of the future, shall science be accepted as a part, yea, a most necessary part, of the one revelation wherein God makes known his counsels forever. The true and the full history, or cosmogony, of our God-created earth is written, not in ancient volumes, but in the structure of the earth itself. This cosmogony science shall give over to the church, and the Church shall reverence and wonder with the piety and the faith that shall always say, "Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord of hosts!" The Church, in accepting the revelation of God in science, will not drag after it the old perception that necessarily belonged to the astronomy of the earlier ages, that the earth was created before the sun; but, in the dismissal of this and all other errors of the world's early *cultus*, it will not grow irreverent; the higher or the real truths making the wonder and the glory of creation far greater than the mythical views of the ancient nations could make it. Science, as a revelation of God in nature and in the constitution of man, must, perhaps, always be incomplete and imperfect; nevertheless, it has a present and demonstrative advantage over all other forms of divine revelation confined to printed pages, and resting on the views and testimonies of persons with whom we can not be acquainted, to whom we can put no questions, and from whom we can get no answers. This advantage is that its facts can be tested, and their laws can be seen by the mind. The present contains the facts.

Science is knowledge of the natural world, and of the constitution of man, physical and mental. It is systematic, because all the works of God are in system and in order; because, also, the laws of the human mind are in system, and must see things in system. We commonly feel that science has a solid basis, that it may rest upon certainty, having for its aid the use of experiment, of the observation and scrutiny of the mind through the senses, if the science be one of nature; and if it be one of mind, it may bring the subject to confront the facts of consciousness. It is utterly impossible that the inspiration of any age should be in its expression, and in many of the ideas that must naturally fall into its pages, independent of the age in which it appears. There can be, therefore, no infallible letter of Scripture. Man and his experience are greater, as standards of truth, than any collection of ancient books. We know that men make books. We also know that they can not originate worlds; they can not compose a human mind, or devise a human body, with its incomprehensible life. Back of nature, back of existence, is God. He is also in them, and they are in him.

Philosophers have said that "we do not see things as they are," but only as they appear. We must grant this. We only know what are our ideas of things. Outside of this, we can not know what things are. But is there no resemblance between things as they are, and things as they seem? Is existence an entire illusion? Is the human body, as a vehicle of perception, a fiction? Are the senses but useful liars, with commonly the one virtue of being consistent with themselves? We have no outward proof to urge against these assumptions. We know that man's knowledge of objects must follow the laws of his own mental constitution, not necessarily the order of the objects. But are the laws of our mental constitution truth or fiction? Here again we are proofless. But something deeper, stronger, truer, and in all respects more reliable than proof, is faith. In our very being's depth it is immanent. This always pronounces our constitution and its laws to be truthful, for in every soul it saith, "I am organized by Truth, and for Truth. My fallible senses are meant to be reporters of Truth, servants of Truth." This faith in the veracity of our constitution, and thereby in the veracity of the universe, must substruct philosophy as well as science and business, or philosophy itself becomes a doubt, a guess, a magnificent day dream. If

science, therefore, is put on the ground assumed by the highest metaphysical thinkers, it also becomes uncertain; for if man does not see things as they are, science can not, it being only man's insight into facts and laws. Then the entire group of the natural sciences are a Polynesian of islands, cut loose and floating about. Faith, therefore, is the most certain of the apparent certainties; faith in the integrity of thine own constitution, of thine own mind, is what makes a solid pivot for the whole phenomenal world to turn upon. This alone is thy certainty—the certainty that gives assurance to all other things.

But I would not disguise the conflict that opened with Galileo, and that is now going on between Science and the forms of Faith to which the Church is at least nominally pledged. In Galileo, in 1633, a war was inaugurated that still exists under long armistices and prudential truces. Science goes on with her earnest work without the blessing of the Church. The Church that has been and is, dares not say to Science, "Go thou into the earth, the seas, the atmospheres and the heavens; go, gather thy treasures, and bring them into my temple. They are the riches of the Lord of Hosts, they honor his name, they become his people and his sanctuary." Science is holy to him who sees the creation in God: it is, if we speak of things in their degrees, less divine than faith, just as the understanding is lower than the reason—as logic is lower than inspiration.

Why did the Church of Rome regard Galileo, the Florentine philosopher, as an enemy? He did not interfere with theology, nor speak against this Church. It is said that when two wild beasts meet in the forest for the first time, they get by instinct an unerring perception of their relation. If enemies, they know it at once, and take the attitude of war; if unequal in ability, they also see that, and the weaker gives way to the stronger by running, concealment or flight. So Galileo, the representative of experimental Science, and the Roman Church, the representative of traditional Faith, met in the wilderness of the seventeenth century. They saw at once that they were not friends. The Church had quaked under the might of his written arguments, but was too proud and too powerful to run. The giant individual was too manly to flee. The Church was wise in its fear. He was its enemy, and they knew it. He knew too much. Science has really no Pope at its head, and ever teaches men that the majesty of natural law heeds neither priest nor cardinal. These enemies met.

In the sixty-ninth year of his age, in poor health, on February 10, 1633, the old man arrived at Rome, and was there remitted to the clemency of the Inquisition and of the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban VIII. In the Palace of the Trinita de Monti, the residence of the Tuscan Ambassador, he was put under arrest. The next day Father Sancio conveyed him to the holy office, where, on Thursday following, he stood before the Inquisition to assign the grounds of his new belief that the earth, and not the sun, made the diurnal and the annual revolutions. He urged his mathematical reasons; "But unfortunately for me," said Galileo, "they were not apprehended; and notwithstanding all the pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood. My reasoning was cut short by bursts of zeal. They spoke to me only of the scandal I had occasioned to Italy." These learnedly-ignorant literalists admitted to him that his system was once true for a few hours, when Joshua, as the General of the Hebrew forces, commanded the sun and moon into rest, that they might slay their enemies. This brought to the sage's mind the passage of Scripture that reads—"The heavens are solid, and polished like a mirror of brass," which, though agreeing with the popular view, he thought they could not literally construe. But he says the inquisitors only answered him with shrugs of the shoulders. On June 22, 1633, he stood before them once more, heard his sentence to an indefinite period of imprisonment, and to recite once a week the seven penitential psalms. He submits, knowing that he is right, and destined to conquer in the end. A century later, a splendid monument was raised over his remains at Florence; and the proud and inexorable Church at last, without assuming to be disloyal to the Bible or to religion, gave the earth full permission to move—not only on its own axis daily, but round the sun once in 365 days! Thank them for that! especially as passports for journeys of any sort are often in those Italian regions extremely difficult to attain. The Church now permits it, and the Bible makes no objection. It will be seen by all that the Bible is not a book of Science; but has one great purpose, through its many elements, which is the inculcation of morality, of religion, the subjugation of the individual and the social life to the moral law of God—to effect, in short, our moral redemption. Higher than this, no purpose can possibly be. No book has ever worn among men so well, none has ever had such a heart-history, none has ever won such friends and successfully withstood such enemies, as the Bible. It is, within its proper sphere, the Book of books, full of the sublimest thoughts, the grandest utterances and the most conquering sentiments. But let us not strive to hurl it out of its orbit by making it a text-book of Science—by interposing a single passage against anything that is well authenticated in astronomy, in geology, or in any other science. I say do not do it for two reasons: first, because it will do no good, not even the good you may intend; and second, because in doing it you carry this great moral, social and spiritual teacher out of its proper sphere. Nothing is mighty out of its sphere. Music was the sphere of Beethoven, philosophy of Bacon, poetry of Shakespeare; but few of God's gifts in the way of individuals can serve us directly in many departments—none in all. The Bible does the most manifold service when it moves the heart, awakens conscience, destroys low aims and base desires—when its lightning alarm guilt, and its generative influences create the new man. Herein is the chief of ends. Whatever influences the moral will aright, touches healthily upon every interest with which man or woman has to do.

When geology first appeared, the clergy showed it great favor, chiefly because to them it seemed a confirmation of the Bible narrative of the Noachian Deluge. The sea shells on dry land, on the high mountains, spoke of the general submergence of the continents by water. To the theologian, the first idea was, "We have here the proof of Noah's flood." Had there been a Chinese geologist in those days, he would have exclaimed, "Lo! the proofs of that mighty deluge, which overtopping the loftiest mountains, Yu drained off, thereby preventing the destruction of all flesh!" The unearnest Voltaire, to prevent the priests from getting a victory in favor of Holy Scripture, denied that these were sea shells, and called them freaks of nature.* In the progress of the science, thinkers came to see that geology simply proved that the dry lands of the globe were at least once covered by water, and many places more than once; yes, that land and sea may often have exchanged places since the existence of the planet. It never proved the special deluge of the Hebrew narrative, any more than it did that of the Chinese or of any other nation. On the contrary, it is not within geological possibility that a single family could have lived through the long period of either one of the great submergences. He who dares to throw the

* *Lusus Naturee.*

Noachian Deluge into geological science at all, as a cause for existing phenomena, knows not the ground on which he walks. He is a child of tradition still, into whom the true spirit of science has never entered. Creation is vast, heeding our theories and special traditions no more than nursery tales. Nature journeys on for perpetual moral ends, not to prove our myths and petty theologies.

But in the progress of this science, the clerical world, so favorable to it at first, grew belligerent as they read its conclusions on the slow creative processes by which the earth and its inhabitants were formed. They took the account of the creation in six days as being literally infallible, and interpreted the words in their plain and obvious meaning, no doubt in the very meaning intended by the writer of Genesis. But finding the evidence overwhelming, learning discovers that the word *day* is a very indefinite term, and that it may mean a thousand, or thousands, or millions of years. The discord is now harmonized, and the real coincidences between the geological epochs of life and the distinctions of Genesis are most remarkably striking. Though the repeated expressions in Genesis that the "evening and the morning were the first day," and the making of a *practical Sabbath* of the seventh day, on the ground that the Creator ceased to create and rested on that day, excludes the possibility of the writer's having had the modern ideas in his mind, we let it rest where it does. I know, however, that the interpretation is the child of necessity; that it means so and so, because we so interpret the passages. With geology Genesis both agrees and disagrees; but the mediatorial construction is a precursor of the general effect which Science shall have on the ordinary form of the common faith. Religion shall gain, not lose, by these concessions.

That the sun and moon ever stood still in their course, especially that they did so at the command of a mortal, for the end that a bloodthirsty people might slay their opponents in battle, is what no man at this day, having reason, ever believes. It is a grand myth, beneath which, by analogy, we see the truth that man is greater than nature, having reason and will. The greater commands the lesser. Man may doubtless king the world by its scientific subjugation, and by aiming at high character and culture, all things, with sun and moon, turn into obedient service. So let the story of Jonah and his fish, of Jonah and his gourd, teach us that whoever has a spiritual mission from God especially to preach repentance to a guilty city or nation, let him do it at once; for if he turns his back upon his duty like a coward, depend on it some monstrous bestiality—something far lower than himself—will devour him; some passion, some mammonish proclivity shall take him in. Be a man on the first day of your duty. Flee not! So let the great Noachian sin-flood teach that God is forever pledged to overwhelm extreme wickedness, and must do it. The same flood that saved the righteous destroyed the wicked. So is the moral government of God from eternity to eternity. It sustains the just, buoys them up, gives them arks of safety stronger than gopher-wood pitched with pitch; it drowns out the wicked. The evil shall sink, the good shall be buoyed up, by one and the same moral government of God. The whole universe is pledged to the welfare of the right-minded. There is only this difference: the sin-flood lasted one hundred and fifty days; this is incessant and eternal, furnishing storms and breakers enough for all who choose to defy them. In all the ancient religious manuscripts of the world, there are some mythical elements; but these also become useful and instructive so soon as we know how to treat them.

I know not when I was more pleased with the honest simplicity of a textual faith than when, years since in Pennsylvania, in one of the flourishing towns on the Susquehanna, I had occasion to say, by way of illustration, that once men believed that the sun journeyed around the earth once in twenty-four hours, and that now they regarded the sun and the heavens as comparatively stationary and assigned to the earth the power of revolution. After meeting was dismissed, the people, some of whom were uneducated Germans, discussed my remarks as they walked. Some said, "He need not talk such nonsense to me. I have senses, and can see for myself how it goes. The sun and the whole heavens move." At last an old man, who could neither read nor write, took up the staff in my defense. He said, "He is right. I own I can not read the Bible, but my wife has read it to me many times through. There I learn that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and though the Bible has been read to me many times, I never could find the place where it ever got to going again." This alone fastened him to my cause. And if textual authority is to decide on the great operations of nature, I do not see why he is not the best of his class.

I have not time to consider now the effect of science on faith, with reference to the exclusive descent of the human race from one pair, nor with reference to the miraculous phenomena that of late years have been subjected to discussion as never before. I am sure of this, that whatever results may happen to theological belief, it will be found that true science is of God, and is one with every ray of his revelations. The unity and goodness of God, which make the supreme idea of all revelation, is the idea around which all the sciences, as so many garlands, must hang. The divine character of Christ and of his purpose for the redemption of the world, are everlasting. To these let all science kneel and worship; the pure gospel of our moral and social redemption is a quenchless sun, making sciences like stars in the comparison. I know not—we can not know—where the limits of knowledge shall be drawn: but through every age the faith, the hope and the charity shall prove our undying trinity of power in the Church and in coming history. In God is our resting place forever and ever. Amen.

CULTIVATION OF FISH.

A correspondent of the Laurensville (South Carolina) *Herald* thus describes a fish-pond in Sumter (S. C.) District:

"During my late visit to Sumter, I was shown all over the plantation of my friend, Freeman Hoyt, Esq., and here I met with a perfect model of a domestic fish-pond. Mr. Hoyt told me that the little stream of water running through his place was the main thing that sold him the land. The branch ran through a low place of such a form as to enable him, by a dam of some 50 yards long, to construct a pond of 700 feet in length by 150 in width, with a depth varying from the shores to 12 or 15 feet in the center. This gives him a pond of over two and one quarter acres, where he could raise nothing else. One year ago this spring, he deposited in this pond eight good-sized trout, and near 300,000 eggs, with a large amount of smaller-sized fish for the trout to feed upon, and he now has the water literally swarming with the finny tribe. His trout are now one year old, and I caught one while there that was over seven inches long. Mr. Hoyt will not catch his trout until next year, and then I think he will almost be able to supply the town of Sumter with fish. It is hoped the subject will elicit the attention of others."

[From the "North American Journal of Homœopathy."]

THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.

"Minute Cryptogamic Plants and Animalculæ, in their Relations to Disease," by Dr. Hunt, of New York. (Concluded.)

Long and painful experience had now led me to suspect that the poison contained in fermented bread was the real cause of all my sufferings, and I determined to avoid it entirely. The trial of a few days showed some improvement, but it was only after a painfully elaborated experience that I obtained the true solution of the problem, in the discovery that the *fermenting principle*, alike in all bread made light by yeast, or by standing long enough to ferment spontaneously, was the *active poison* which had caused me so much distress in former years. I have also found that the same principle exists in every other vegetable or animal substance that undergoes any change by keeping, and that *purury* in food is the only essential basis of health to me. And in exact proportion as I have learned to detect and avoid the impurities which, in their multifarious forms escape the notice of ordinary observers, I have to the present time, avoided every symptom of former suffering and disordered health."

That this is not an anomalous case dependent upon some peculiar idiosyncrasy, can be easily demonstrated by a few careful observations among invalids, especially the sufferers from gastric diseases. My present limits preclude the introduction of other cases, though I have many of them at hand. The exceeding subtlety of the poisonous influences which may be spontaneously developed in all common articles of food, before change may be perceptible to any of the senses, is the *fact* which I regard as most important, because it is most difficult of appreciation by persons of ordinary intelligence. I am very far from referring *all* cases of dyspepsia, or other diseases in which the digestive functions may be more or less implicated, merely to the use of impure food, or that which is undergoing fermentation. But there is a class of invalids, some of whom are extreme sufferers, who are distinguished by no other constitutional peculiarity than a most delicate sensibility to commonly-allowed food in incipient conditions of impurity. And while this fact continues to be practically ignored, to such, I am persuaded, all modes of treatment must be unavailing for more, at best, than temporary benefit. In chronic cases, which are tedious in their duration, and obstinate in resisting ordinary systems of treatment, let this agent of evil receive a rigid investigation.

But is it possible that any impurity of food is ever tolerated, in civilized life, which is capable of originating and perpetuating disease? We have repeatedly seen that the substances in which the poisonous properties exist are so minute as to elude all the senses; and no person, whose attention has not been particularly directed to this subject, would suspect their presence where they exist in full power, and all their usual effects may often be accounted for on some other theory. In one instance of extreme sensibility to the effects of all minute fungi, the patient could use *unfermented* bread, made from a barrel of freshly ground flour, remaining perfectly free from any of the symptoms produced by mould or must; and, to preserve the flour from the moisture of the atmosphere, it was kept in a dry and airy apartment, and elevated from the floor. Still this same patient could not use of the last half or third of this barrel of flour, without experiencing every poisonous effect produced by mould, though no deterioration of the flour was perceptible to any of the senses. The use of the smallest quantity of flour, such as is often sold in the city markets, which is *packed* in appearance, would at once reduce this patient from comfortable health to extreme suffering and debility.

Of other articles in common use, butter is one not unwholesome in itself, when taken in moderation, but it is so seldom entirely *pure*, that there is good reason for its general disuse by invalids. Vegetables, as they are usually kept through the winter, become almost universally impregnated by mould, which, though not sensibly perceptible, is still poisonous to all susceptible constitutions. A still more pernicious article is cheese. This, however mild or new, is essentially full of the mould-principle, as is demonstrable by the readiness with which it is developed to sight under slightly favoring circumstances. Nearly all cooked food, unless kept at a freezing temperature, becomes in some degree deteriorated in less than twenty-four hours. Good potatoes, which may be eaten without ill effects when freshly boiled, will, when kept till the next morning, be capable of causing sensible injury to some persons. The existence of mould in eggs was long ago remarked by Dr. Paris, who thought the seeds from which it grew were so exquisitely small, that they had passed through the pores of the shell. (Medical Chemistry.) A large proportion of the eggs sold in the city markets have the insidious poison in them, though too small to be detected by the senses. They have often been tested, and found to increase the sufferings of persons of delicate sensibilities, to whom perfectly fresh eggs had been known as among the best articles of diet.

In constitutions susceptible to the influence of poisonous food in its earliest stages of deterioration, the following symptoms may, in a large proportion of cases, be noticed: There is a putrid or copper taste in the mouth, on first waking in the morning; a puffy, œdematous condition of the face, and a feeling of depression in strength; a morbid craving for food, and

a sense of gnawing and faintness at the stomach, alternating with great pain, amounting to the severest gastralgia. Acidity is one of the most characteristic symptoms, and it usually defies all ordinary remedies. There is a feeling of cold and chilliness, and great susceptibility to the effects of cold; a deficient vitality in the skin. All the secretions are suppressed or deranged; we have constipation, amenorrhœa, defective action of the kidneys, excessive nervous sensibility, exhibited in convulsive tendencies, suspension of respiration, and sometimes catalepsy. All of these symptoms, and too many more for place here, I have found directly caused by the same agency, and curable only, in such cases, by strict adherence to a *fresh and pure diet*.

In persons whose sensibilities are cognizant of the effects of impurities in their incipient stages, the most distressing of them are not always immediately felt, though some of them may be very soon. It is only after many hours that the more strongly-marked symptoms of the poison are perceived, and, like those produced by other energetic agents, the diseased action may continue for days, and even for weeks. It is not strange, then, that these symptoms, as they arise, are generally attributed to some other cause, and if the real source should be suspected, and all fermented bread and other deteriorated food for a time prohibited, the effects of the poison previously taken, continue to harass and perplex both patient and physician. It might not be difficult to convince most persons that the sour bread, mouldy cheese, rancid butter, and strong bacon, used with seeming impunity by a large class of people, would be injurious to one of more delicate health; but it is not so easy to prove that poisonous properties, essentially the same as these articles possess, originate in all animal and vegetable substances, at an earlier stage of decomposition than has hitherto been generally suspected. I have now sufficiently shown that, by exercising more vigilance in securing a higher degree of *purity* in food, a higher degree of health may, by many sufferers, be attained.

It is not now proposed to enter into the treatment of the diseases produced or aggravated by microscopic fungi or animalculæ. If I have succeeded in explicitly, though imperfectly illustrating their origin, and showing that the avoidance of their cause is the first step towards successful treatment, my present purpose is accomplished. There is, however, an importance belonging to the article BREAD—the most essential of all that is used as food—that will justify a compressed review of the usual processes of making it.

1. In the ancient process of making *hard* bread, by the mixture of flour with water alone, no improvement is likely to be made. Sea-biscuit, crackers, (when made without alkalies,) are at least free from poisonous properties while well preserved.

2. *Light bread*, which has been raised by *souring* the dough in a warm place before baking, has been shown, in the preceding pages, to be unfit for the use of delicate persons; the use of leaven, yeast, etc., increases the virulence of the poison, by increasing the size of the fungi in which the poisonous property consists, and also by increasing the rapidity with which they grow. In the fermentation, the starch and gum of the flour undergo a partial conversion into sugar; part of this is decomposed into *Carbonic-acid gas*, which "raises" the dough, and Alcohol which escapes in baking.

3. The next process in general use, is the raising of the dough by the effervescence of Saleratus or Carbonate of Soda with sour milk. Bread thus made light is not objectionable, for the same reason that fermented bread is; but, the alkalies, when *un-neutralized*, are highly injurious. They actively corrode the delicate coats of the stomach, and predispose to indigestion, diabetes, and rheumatism. When they are taken in combination with the acid of sour milk, the animal acid is immediately separated from the alkali in the stomach. The acid is digested while the indigestible alkali is left to irritate the stomach, and to poison the fluids which pass through it.

4. Cream of Tartar and Soda are much used, and when ground together in the flour, they are sold as self-raising "prepared flour," etc. When they enter the stomach in combination, the Tartaric-acid is speedily separated and digested. The Potash with which it had been combined, and all the Soda used with it, are left to exhaust their powers on the stomach.

5. Tartaric-acid and Soda are objectionable on the same grounds. The salt formed by them is deleterious, if the Tartaric-acid were not destroyed in the stomach. Every powder or compound sold for the purpose of raising bread, consists of some one or two of the articles already named. The general effects of all these substances are destructive to health. It was amply demonstrated at the Annual Convention of American Dentists, held in New York in 1857, that the principal cause of the rapid increase of decayed and defective teeth, with all their attendant injury to general health, is to be found in the free use of Soda, Saleratus, and Cream of Tartar. Dr. Baker stated that he had soaked sound teeth in a solution of Saleratus, and in fourteen days they were destroyed. The demand for some improvement in the art of bread-making, has been made and reiterated for two thousand years, and is still but imperfectly answered. An influential journal has recently reminded us that a "pure and healthy bread" is one of the wants of the age. "What we want," says this editor, "is pure, light bread, in batches such as will economize time, without the

waste and uncertainty of fermentation; without any foreign admixture, or the dangers that may arise from the improper use of chemicals; without hand-kneading, and by some cheap, and certain process." I am convinced by the observations of many years, that this *want of the age* will never be met by bread prepared through any process of *fermentation*, and have been compelled to seek it in the results of *chemical effervescence*. It is well known that there are but two chemicals which produce, in the act of combination, the necessary effervescence to render bread *light*, and form at the same time a product which the human body needs, and which possesses no injurious medicinal properties. These are the often-tried substances, *Muriatic-acid* and *Bi-Carbonate of Soda*. The difficulty of adapting the corrosive acids to the uses of life in the kitchen and the bakery, may exclude all improved processes of bread-making from general use; but there are persons who, compelled to meet these difficulties, have found them not insurmountable. To some of these, a pure and healthy *unfermented* bread is indispensable, and I have found that they can safely make it for themselves, by following a plain prescription to which scientific precision is not aimed at:

Take of flour about two quarts; Bi-Carbonate of Soda, thoroughly pulverized, a wooden or glass measure half a pint (that is, well shaken down,) and holding in bulk about six fluid drachms. Mix this with the flour, by putting both together through a common sieve into a bake-bowl or kneading-trough. Into a vessel containing less than one quart of pure cold water, pour the same measure as used for the Soda, full of Muriatic-acid; then stir the acid water rapidly into the dry flour and Soda with a heavy spoon; thus form a moist dough, which bake *immediately* in the ordinary manner.

By observing similar relative proportion of flour, Soda, and acid, all kinds of cake may be made light. For *black-wheat*, or other cakes to be baked of very moist consistence, let the *batter* first be formed, having in it the Soda requisite, and *lastly* add the acid, and mix thoroughly.

In this process, the Acid and Soda combine, and form the necessary quantity of common salt, hence *no addition of salt is needed*; and the liberated Carbonic-acid gas raises the bread into a light and spongy mass. The quantities of the ingredients are apportioned by measure, instead of by weight, as practical availability is sometimes more important than scientific precision. It is, of course, essential that none but the purest articles should be used; but hitherto the only chemicals employed have been those usually sold, and the results have been truly gratifying to some to whom life had before been a burden.

The martyrs to physical evils, which originate in invisible poisons in the atmosphere, or flow from concealed fountains, have often complained that science is powerless when called on to combat unseen enemies. It may now be seen that the food on which the invalid relies for strength, is often appropriated by his enemy; and the "staff of life," on which he leans, is a broken one, which pierces without supporting. Let homœopathy, with clearer powers of diagnosis and more potent weapons, prove its superiority over the medicine of the past, by tracing every form of disease to its true source, and combatting, in their own realm, the symptoms and the causes, which, to the perceptions of a grosser science, were intangible and inappreciable.

A RIDE ON THE STEAM PLOW.

Prof. Alfred L. Kennedy, M. D., writes to the Albany *Country Gentleman*:

"Yesterday will be ever memorable in a life by no means devoid of incident, for then was realized a long cherished wish to ride on a successful steam plow of American invention. The day was balmy; the clouds and a slight haze shielded man and nature from the summer sun. The oats, the last of our smaller cereals to yield up their treasures, were ready for the reapers, who were now rejoicing over all the land, because of a superabundant harvest. A fit day for the rendering of a judgment on a new means of agricultural progress—to inaugurate a great agricultural era. The committees of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, and of its venerable prototype, the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, were in attendance. The extensive grounds of the Oxford Park Association had been thrown open to the committee, and a decision was to be made on the merits of the invention of John W. Fawkes, a Lancaster county mechanic, who, after three years of almost despairing struggle and utter privation spent in the embodiment of his grand idea, now submitted the product of his genius to the highest tribunals of his native State and her metropolis. As he stood in the garb of a workman trying his gauges, or, in a sharp, quick tone, which told of mingled confidence and anxiety, giving orders to the foreman, his rough attire, soiled in such a cause, appeared more honorable than imperial purple. By his permission I stepped upon the engine, and stood by his side as the shrill whistle gave the signal to start. The gang of eight 14-inch prairie plows, which until now had hung by chains to cranes at the rear of the machine, were quickly lowered until they rested on the hard soil. One movement of the lever, and onward we went, up an ascent of about seven degrees, and with a smooth, uniform motion. As the eight shares entered the soil, I apprehended a sudden check and strain, like that felt when a railroad train is partially "braked up," but nothing of the kind was experienced. In the enormous driving wheel, or rather drum, beneath my feet, I could not detect the least sliding on the soil. *The traction was perfect.*

Before us the beautiful green turf swept under the bow of our gallant craft. Behind us lay a wide deep-brown wake, in which scarce a tinge of green was visible. Under the stern the eight broad waves of sod lifted their crests, and rolled over like surges falling upon the beach. "Steady she goes," as our helmsman, with hand upon the

tiller, and eye upon the guide-wheels, keeps on his straight course. But we near the edge of our field. Two shrieks of the whistle, and up rise the plows. Starboard your helm! Round sweeps our craft as easily and gracefully as a bird on the wing, and we come again into line. Another whistle, and the plows are lowered, and in less time than that required to follow this sentence, she is off! A flush of triumphant pleasure mantles the face of the inventor. The grade slightly descends. The crowd which has toiled after us up the ascent, quicken their pace. Still we are leaving them. Now only the foremost—then the whole party break into a run, and shouts, like those which followed the triumphal car of a Roman conqueror, rend the air.

"Many were the warm grasps of congratulation which greeted the American conqueror as he stepped from his car of triumph, and in modest terms proposed to subject the machine to any test which the committees might suggest. 'Can you cross-plow the land you have just turned over?' 'Yes, sir,' was his prompt reply, and wheeling his machine into position, he crossed at right angles the furrows previously thrown up. Subsequently gulleys were passed over, abrupt elevations surmounted, and finally the plows were detached and an omnibus hitched to the engine. 'Here we are now, right off,' cried a facetious passenger, and right off we were, going over the trotting course at a good round pace.

"Feelings of intense gratification appeared to animate the entire assembly, and I left the grounds with emotions of thankfulness to that great and good Being, who in our own day had enabled a fellow-countryman to make the giant steam tributary to the art of cultivation, and the means of untold blessings to millions.

"PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1859."

WEEKLY ITEMS AND GLEANINGS.

FROM EUROPE.—The *Ætna* arrived at Boston on the morning of the 26th, bringing later European dates. Nothing very definite had transpired relative to the Conference at Zurich, to which all eyes are now turned with interest. One or two meetings had been held at which the Sardinian representative was not present. The Conference had resolved to prolong the armistice until a permanent peace could be ratified.

TURIN, Aug. 10.—An official message, dated Florence 9th, states that the elections were concluded with perfect order, and a large number of voters attended to give their suffrages. The electors belonged to all classes of the country. The country is quiet and the inhabitants full of confidence.

The proclamation to the people of Tuscany states, that the Government had received authoritative encouragement for the course it was pursuing, and trusts that the elections will offer the Emperor Napoleon a valid reason for accomplishing his benevolent intentions toward Italy. The document concludes as follows: "Europe desires peace, but Europe will not have peace if the legitimate opinions of the Italians, calmly announced, be not respected."

The *Mercantile Courier* of Genoa states that the Princes who have lost their thrones in Italy have sent secret emissaries into their respective States to foment disorder, and distribute money among their adherents.

In the Province of Parma, twenty-six out of the whole twenty-nine Communes have declared their adhesion to the Sardinian Government.

It is stated in the Italian correspondence of the London *Times* that Modena and Tuscany have signed an offensive and defensive league.

There were rumored disturbances by the Red Republicans in Parma, but they need confirmation.

Eggs, if they stand on end in water, are bad; if they lie on the side, they are good.

For burns mix air-slacked lime with flaxseed oil, and bind on with one thickness of muslin, and instant relief will be afforded.

In the last Legislature of Texas, it is said, there were thirteen men who could not write their own names.

PROF. L. N. FOWLER IN CHARLESTOWN (MASS.) PRISON.—In company with the Warden, the Mayor of Charlestown, and others, Mr. Fowler examined the heads, and gave the Phrenological tendencies, of eleven of the prisoners who were brought before him. The Warden and others acquainted with their characteristics pronounced the delineations remarkably correct.

MAY WOMEN PREACH?—This question is being discussed in the *Trumpet* with considerable earnestness.

THE *World's Crisis* is discussing the question, "Do Reason and the Scriptures teach the utter extinction of an unregenerate portion of human beings, instead of the final salvation of all?"

LIGHTNING ON THE WIRE.—It is customary for operators to disconnect their instruments from the wires during thunder-storms. Recently at Geneva, the operator made the connection before the storm had sufficiently passed away. While his hand was on the wires, the fluid passed to his person, badly scorching him, and injuring his eyes so as to make him temporarily blind. In one instance at the South, the wires were melted several miles, and in that instance the operator was killed.

PATERNITY OF NAPOLEON III.—A correspondent in the Manchester *Guardian* is concerned for the father of Napoleon. It is reported that his father is Admiral Verbeul.

FLOUR.—The Board of Trade of Milwaukee are endeavoring to constitute Inspectors of Flour to protect purchasers against short weight and inferior qualities. At present people buy and sell according to brands, trusting to the millers for weight and quality.

NO WONDER THE BOYS FIGHT.—Several of the French ladies have made vows that they will marry nobody who has not had a leg or arm shot off, or carries a scar on his person, or a bullet in his head obtained in the war for Italian Independence.

THE Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean are to be connected by a canal of 285 miles in length, 340 feet wide and 30 feet deep. The project is sanctioned by the government of Spain. This will shorten the passage of shipping to and from the Mediterranean and the ports of Northern Europe some 1,200 miles. It will commence at Bilbao, on the coast of Biscay; and, proceeding through the Cantabrian mountains and the valley of Ebro, and passing by Saragossa and Estella, will fall into the Mediterranean at the Bay of Alfaques, in Catalonia.

A HOOSIER girl under twenty, weighing one hundred and ten pounds, living in Bethlehem, Ind., kept up with a cradle all day, binding one hundred and sixty dozen large bundles of oats, and said she could have bound more if the the cradler would have given it to her.

SOME of our exchanges are discussing the cause and remedy for the increase of old maids. The cause undoubtedly is, that wives are getting too indolent and too expensive; hence the remedy must be industry and economy.

At a camp-meeting held at Bergen, N. Y. in July, it was estimated that 12,000 persons were on the ground; and it was thought the Lord reigned. Dr. Redfield said he knew an infidel in New York, who never could be reached by the voice and pleadings of man, but he heard a woman speak in the church and triumph in the power of religion to save, which sent an arrow to his heart. Dancing as a separate exercise, was encouraged and practiced. Circles were formed, quick-step music was sung and danced to.

FAINTING.—*Hall's Journal of Health* says, it is barbarous to dash water in the face of a fainting person; but says, lay them on their back, push away the crowd, give them air and let them alone.

If a person swallows poison, take a half tumbler of water, put in one tea-spoonful of salt and one of ground mustard, and pour it down, and up will come the poison. Then give the white of an egg and some coffee.

If a limb is cut or hurt so that the blood flows in spurts or jerks, the patient may die in five minutes; tie a handkerchief around it, above the cut; put in a stick and twist it until the spitting stops. Then send quickly for a physician.

FRUIT TREES.—Nothing indicates more taste and thrift than good orchards, great variety and abundance of fruit, and, indeed, nothing contributes more to health and the luxuries of the table. Many farmers neglect the cultivation of fruit, because the trees shade so much land, and prevent the growth of anything else. To obviate the objection, we commend the setting out of fruit trees in the roads, by the side of the wall, and let it be understood and agreed among all people that the fruit on the trees in the road belongs to the person owning the land over the wall, and let this ownership be considered as sacred as the ownership of that which grows on the land enclosed, and let it be further understood that the owner may cultivate fruit trees by the side of the road without molestation, except for purposes and uses of the road, in which case the trees may be cut down or removed. These trees would also serve as ornaments and shade to roads.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lamartine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

T. C. Benning will lecture next Sunday morning at half-past 10. Regular meetings every Sunday. Morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones; afternoon, conference or lecture; evening, circle for trance speakers.

Mrs. Spence's Lectures.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Providence, R. I., the 1st and 2d Sundays in Sept.; at Buffalo, N. Y., the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Sundays in October. Mrs. Spence may be addressed at either of the above places, or at 534 Broadway, N. Y.

Miss Harding

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, Tuesdays, Sept. 4th and 11th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 25th; in St. Louis during October, Evansville and Memphis during November, and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address, No. 6 Fourth-avenue, New York.

Prison Reform Convention.

At the call of some thirteen managers of State Prisons in different parts of the United States, a Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on Wednesday, Sept. 7, for the purpose of considering the following questions:

- 1st. What is the best system of discipline and management for convicts, with a view to their reformation and the good of society?
- 2d. What should be the capabilities and moral character of subordinate officers placed over convicts?
- 3d. What system of labor is best calculated to impress a sense of justice and right on the mind of the convict, and at the same time, remunerate the public for the expense of his keeping?
- 4th. What is the most economical mode of managing a prison, consistent with the health and physical well-being of the convict?

Philanthropic Convention.

This Convention, for the purpose of considering the cause and cure of evil, which held its first meeting in Utica in September last, will hold its second annual assemblage in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of September. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements: John N. Gardner, Cyrus O. Pool, George Whitcomb, Louise Whitcomb, Alanson Webster, Thomas Rathbun, Sarah Rathbun, E. A. Maynard, Mary F. Davis, J. H. Lusk, Giles Husted, Lester Brooks, W. G. Oliver, E. G. Scott, Benoni S. Brown. Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodations in advance at hotels and private boarding-houses.

Spiritualistic meetings, in Oswego, are held every Sunday afternoon and evening. Miss A. M. Sprague will occupy the desk during August; Mr. F. L. Walsworth during September; Rev. John Pierpont during October; Mrs. F. O. Hagger during November; Mr. J. M. Pebles during December.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) may be addressed, Bridgeport, Conn., box 422, August and September.

THE WATER CURE AND HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE is located one door from St. John's Park, at 13 and 15 Laight-street, New York. R. T. TRALL, M. D., and D. A. GORRAN, M. D., physicians of the establishment.

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Ashes —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Leather —(Sole)—Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Pot, 1st sort, 100lb.....	5 12½ @	Oak (Sl.) Lt. ¢ lb.....	34 @ 36
Pearl, 1st sort.....	5 50 @	Oak, middle.....	34 @ 36
Bread —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Oak, heavy.....	30 @ 32
Pilot, ¢ lb.....	4½ @ 5	Oak, dry hide.....	30 @ 32
Fine Navy.....	3½ @ 4	Oak, Ohio.....	30 @ 32
Navy.....	2½ @ 3	Oak, Sou. Light.....	30 @ 32
Crackers.....	4½ @ 6	Oak, all weights.....	28 @ 40
Bristles —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val.		Hemlock, light.....	23½ @ 25½
Amer. gray and white.....	30 @ 50	Hemlock, middling.....	21 @ 23
Candles —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Hemlock, heavy.....	19 @ 21
Sperm, ¢ lb.....	40 @ 41	Hemlock, damaged.....	13 @ 14½
Do. pt. King.....	50 @ 51	Lime —Duty: 10 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Do. do. 7d and M'y.....	60 @	Rockland, common.....	— @ 70
Adamantine, City.....	18 @ 19	Lump.....	— @ 1 15
Adamantine, Star.....	17 @ 18	Molasses —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Cocoa —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val.		New Orleans, ¢ gal.....	38 @ 42
Marac'o in bd. ¢ lb.....	— @ —	Porto Rico.....	27 @ 35
Guayaquil in bd.....	12 @ 12½	Cuba Muscovia.....	22 @ 28
Para, in bond.....	10 @	Trinidad, Cuba.....	30 @ 31
St. Domingo, in bond.....	7½ @ 8	Card, etc., sweet.....	21 @ 22
Coffee —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Nails —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Java, white, ¢ lb.....	14 @ 15	Cut, 4d and 6d ¢ lb.....	3½ @ 3¾
Bahia.....	10 @ 12	Wrought, American.....	7 @ 7½
Brazil.....	10 @ 11½	Oils —Duty: Palm, 4; Olive, 24; Linseed,	
Laguayra.....	11½ @ 12½	Sperm (foreign fisheries), and Whale,	
Maracabo.....	10½ @ 12	or other Fish, (foreign,) 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
St. Domingo, cash.....	10½ @ 10½	Florence, 30 ¢ ct.....	— @ —
Flax —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Olive, 12b. b. and bx.....	3 70 @ 4 15
American, ¢ lb.....	8 @ 9½	Olive, in c. ¢ gal.....	1 — @ 1 05
Fruit —Duty: not d'd, 30. Dry F., 8 ¢		Palm, ¢ lb.....	9½ @ 9½
ct. ad val.		Linseed, com. ¢ gal.....	59 @ 60
Rais, S. ¢ ¢ ck.....	— @ 2 25	Linseed, English.....	59 @ 60
Rais, bch. and bx.....	2 20 @ 2 25	Whale.....	45 @ 45
Cur'ns, Zic. ¢ lb.....	5 @ 5½	Do. Refined Winter.....	55 @ 60
Flour —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Do. Refined Spring.....	55 @ 60
State, Superfine.....	4 70 @ 4 80	Sperm, crude.....	1 23½ @ 1 27½
Do. Extra.....	4 70 @ 6 00	Do. Winter, unbleached.....	1 30 @ 1 35
Ohio, Ind. & Ill. fl. h.....	— @ —	Do. Bleached.....	1 35 @ 1 40
Do. do. Superfine.....	4 50 @ 4 60	Eleph. refined, bleached.....	76 @ 78
Do. Extra.....	5 25 @ 6 —	Lard Oil, S. and W.....	80 @ 87½
Do. Roundhouse.....	— @ —	Provisions —Duty: Cheese, 24; all	
Do. Superfine.....	4 50 @ 4 75	others, 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Do. Extra.....	5 25 @ 6 00	Pork, mess, ¢ bbl.....	14 35 @ 14 50
Ill. & St. Louis sup. & fan.....	5 25 @ 5 50	Do. prime.....	10 — @ 10 12
Do. Extra.....	6 — @ 7 —	Do. prime mess.....	— @ —
Mich. Wis. & Iowa extra.....	5 00 @ 6 50	Beef, prime mess, (tee) 18 00.....	22 @ 22
South. Baltimore, super.....	5 30 @ 5 60	Do. mess west'n rep'd.....	8 00 @ 11 50
Do. Extra.....	5 75 @ 6 50	Do. extra repacked.....	12 00 @ 13 50
Georgetown & Alex. sup.....	6 30 @ 6 75	Do. country.....	7 00 @ 8 25
Do. Extra.....	6 75 @ 7 —	Do. prime.....	5 00 @ 6 00
Petersburg & Rich. sup.....	6 00 @ 6 75	Cut Meats, Hams & S'k'p'le.....	8 @ 8½
Do. Extra.....	6 50 @ 7 25	Do. Shoulders.....	8 @ 8½
Tenn. & Georgia, sup.....	5 50 @ 5 75	Do. Sides, dry salt'd in c'ks.....	8 @ 8½
Do. Extra.....	6 00 @ 7 25	Eng. Bacon, salt'd mid. bxs.....	10 @ 10½
Grain —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		Do. Long.....	9½ @ 10
WHEAT—O. Ind. & Ill. w. 1 15.....	@ 1 20	Do. Cumberland.....	8½ @ 9
Do. winter red.....	1 08 @ 1 10	Bacon Sides, W'n s'd cas.....	9 @ 9½
Do. spring.....	75 @ 80	Lard, prime, bbls & cts.....	10½ @ 10½
Milwaukee club.....	80 @ 85	Do. kegs.....	12 @ 12½
Michigan, white.....	1 20 @ 1 40	No. 1, in bbls. & tces.....	10 @ 10
Do. Red.....	1 05 @ 1 10	Do. Grease.....	8 @ 9
Tenn. and Kent. white.....	1 25 @ 1 45	Tallow.....	10 @ 10½
Do. Red.....	1 20 @ 1 35	Lard Oil.....	90 @ 1 00
Canada, white.....	— @ 1 —	Rice —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Do. club.....	— @ —	Ord. to fr. ¢ cwt.....	3 00 @ 3 25
Southern, white.....	1 25 @ 1 40	Good to Prime.....	3 75 @ 4 30
Do. Red.....	1 20 @ 1 25	Salt —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
CORN—Western mixed.....	77 @ 82	Turk's Is. ¢ bush.....	17 @ 18
Do. & Jer. yel.....	82 @ 85	St. Martin's.....	7 @ —
Southern white.....	81 @ 82	Liverpool, Gr. ¢ sack.....	17 @ —
Do. yellow.....	82 @ 85	Do. Fine.....	1 15 @ —
Rye.....	75 @ 80	Do. do. Ashton's.....	1 35 @ —
Oats.....	35 @ 42	Seeds —Duty: FREE.	
Barley.....	60 @ 65	Clover, ¢ lb.....	8 @ 9½
Hay —		Timothy, ¢ tce.....	14 — @ 16 50
N. R. in bails, ¢ 100 lb.....	50 @ 75	Flax, American, rough.....	1 40 @ —
Hemp —		Sugars —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Russia, cl. ¢ tun.....	210 00 @ 215 00	St. Croix, ¢ lb.....	— @ —
Do. outshot.....	— @ —	New Orleans.....	5½ @ 8
Manilla, ¢ lb.....	6½ @ 6½	Cuba Muscovia.....	5 @ 7
Sisal.....	5½ @ 6	Porto Rico.....	5½ @ 7½
Italian, ¢ tun.....	200 00 @ —	Havana, White.....	8½ @ 9
Jute.....	80 00 @ 85 00	Havana, B. and Y.....	5½ @ 8½
American dew-r.....	140 00 @ 150 00	Manilla.....	7 @ 7½
Do. do. Dressed.....	190 00 @ 210 00	Stuarts' D. R. L.....	— @ 10½
Hides —Duty: 4 ¢ ct. ad val. R. G. and		Stuarts' do. do. F.....	9½ @ —
B. Ayres, 20a24lb ¢ lb.....	25 @ 27	Stuarts' do. do. G.....	— @ 9½
Do. do. gr. s. C.....	13½ @ 14	Stuarts' (A).....	9½ @ —
Grinoco.....	23 @ 24½	Stuarts' ground ext. sup.....	— @ 9½
San Juan.....	21 @ 22	Tallow —Duty: 8 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Savannah, etc.....	17 @ —	American, Prime.....	10½ @ 10½
Maracabo, s. and d.....	16 @ 23	Teas —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Maranh, ox, etc.....	16 @ 17½	Gunpowder.....	25 @ 40
Matamoros.....	21 @ 23	Hyson.....	25 @ 60
P. Cab. (direct).....	21 @ 23	Young Hyson, Mixed.....	17 @ 55
Vera Cruz.....	22 @ 23	Hyson Skin.....	10 @ 32
Dry South.....	16 @ 17	Trunkay.....	10 @ 32
Calcutta, B'n.....	13½ @ 14	King and Oolong.....	19 @ 50
Do. Kips, ¢ peco.....	1 80 @ 1 90	Powchong.....	19 @ 22
Do. dry salted.....	1 05 @ 1 10	Anko.....	23 @ 25
Black, dry.....	1 00 @ 1 05	Congou.....	25 @ 28
Honey —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.		Wool —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.	
Cuba, ¢ gal.....	60 @ 63	A. Sax. Fleeced, ¢ lb.....	56 @ 60
Cuba, (in bond).....	54 @ 55	A. F. B. Merino.....	51 @ 55
Hops —Duty: 15 ¢ ct. ad val.		A. ½ and ¾ Merino.....	45 @ 50
1857, East and West.....	5 @ 6	A. ½ and ¾ Merino.....	40 @ 48
1858, East and West.....	8 @ 11	Sup. Pulled Co.....	40 @ 45
Iron —Duty: 24 ¢ ct. ad val.		No. 1 Pulled Co.....	35 @ 37
Pig, English, and Scotch.....	— @ 24 50	Extra Pulled Co.....	50 @ 52
¢ tun.....	97 50 @ 100 00	Peruv. Wash.....	nom.
Bar: Frit, T.V.F.....	85 @ 87 50	Valp. Unwashed.....	10 @ 13
Bar: Sw. or sixes.....	80 00 @ —	S. Amer. Com. Washed.....	10 @ 13
Bar, Am. rolled.....	63 @ 65	S. Amer. E. R. Washed.....	15 @ 18
Bar, English, refined.....	63 @ 65	S. Amer. Unw. W.....	9 @ 9½
Bar, English, com.....	42 50 @ 44 00	S. Amer. Cord'n W.....	20 @ 25
Sheet, Russia, 1st qual.....	11½ @ 11½	E. I. Wash.....	18 @ 20
Sheet, Eng. and Am.....	3½ @ 3½	African Unwashed.....	9 @ 18
		African Washed.....	16 @ 25
		Smyrna Unwashed.....	14 @ 18
		Smyrna Washed.....	23 @ 28

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